THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2441.

THROUGH THE WORLD.

Some hearts go hungering through the world
And never find the love they seek;
Some lips with pride or scorn are curled
To hide the pain they may not speak.
The eye may flash, the mouth may smile,
The voice in gladdest music thrill,
And yet beneath them all the while
The hungry heart be pining still.

These know their doom, and walk their way
With level steps and steadfast eyes,
Nor strive with Fate, nor weep, nor pray—
While others, not so sadly wise,
Are mocked by phantoms evermore,
And lured by seemings of delight,
Fair to their eye, but at the core
Holding but bitter dust and blight.

I see them gaze from wistful eyes,
I mark their sign on fading cheeks;
I hear them breathe in smothered sighs,
And note the grief that never speaks;
For them no might redresses wrong,
No eye with pity is impearled.
Oh, misconstrued and suffering long!
Oh, hearts that hunger through the world!

For you does life's dull desert hold
No fountain shade, no date grove fair,
No gush of waters clear and cold,
But sandy reaches wide and bare.
The foot may fail, the soul may faint,
And weigh to earth the weary frame,
Yet still ye make no weak complaint,
And speak no word of grief or blame.

Oh, eager eyes with gaze afar!
Oh, arms which clasp the empty air!
Not all unmarked your sorrows are,
Not all unpitied your despair.
Smile, patient lips so proudly dumb—
When life's frail tent at last is furled
Your glorious recompense shall come,
Oh, hearts that hunger through the world.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR,

Trying the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &C.

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CHAPTER X.

I never
Could tread a single pleasure under foot.
—*Robert Browning.*

Anne was really bright and gay at the dinner table. A sense of relief seemed to pervade her. There was a little talk about the new house, and her face flushed to a pretty and becoming color. I half fancied her happy, after all.

I was playing for Walter in the drawing-room, when we were both startled by the entrance of a visitor. Walter did the honors of the introduction—a Mr. Channing, who attracted me at the very first glance—a handsome man of five-and-twenty, who reminded me curiously enough of Mrs. Lawrence. The same slender, subtle grace; the light, airy motion; the silken soft, glittering hair, and summery blue eyes, large lidded and languid. His features were exquisitely cut; a straight, Grecian nose; a beautifully rounded chin, and mouth as perfect as an infant's. The full, scarlet lips were curved and smiling, and if there was any defect in his face, it was that the upper lip looked too short and too weak for a man, but this one would hardly cavil at.

He glanced at me after the introduction, and I could not help experiencing a peculiar thrill of power. As if he were paying unconscious homage, and so delicately done withal, that one could not be offended.

Anne entered. He rose and shook hands with her, calling a bright flush to her cheek.

"I am positively disappointed," she said. "I wanted the pleasure of presenting you to Miss Adriance."

"Well, suppose we have it over again," and he laughed. A string of tiny bells put in motion could not have been more musical.

"And we have been so much engaged to-day that I have not told her a word about you."

"Then I must be judged upon my own merits. Miss Adriance, please be merciful."

"Oh!" Anne said with a little impatient gesture. "But a few evenings ago I learned that Mr. Channing and Mr. St. John—"

She paused, for there flitted across Mr. Channing's face such a comical, half-deprecating expression.

"Were connections. I'll finish the sentence, Miss Sutherland, and Miss Adriance must judge who is to be commiserated."

This air of gay audacity sat wonderfully well upon him.

"I confess you brought Mrs. Lawrence to my mind," I said, feeling pleased and interested.

"Thank you. I don't aspire to the gloomily grand, as does my magnificent cousin Stuart. Isabelle is a charming woman, but she displayed a good deal of courage when she undertook to humanize her brother. Miss Anne said he was your guardian."

"Isn't it odd?" Anne exclaimed. "I was quite startled when I made the discovery, for I have been acquainted with Mr. Channing a long while, and known you so intimately, too." Then she colored afresh and looked strangely conscious.

"And you are really relatives?" I said, recovering from my surprise.

"Honestly and truly, on our mothers' side. Though I suspect St. John long ago disowned all relationship with such a gay fellow; he's so miserably grave and severe. Doesn't he sometimes threaten to shut you up in a dark closet?"

"No," I answered laughingly. "'I have found Laurelwood a very enjoyable place."

"Perhaps he comes down from his pedestal occasionally. I made them a visit when Isabelle first went there, and I assure you I was glad to escape. I cannot endure those morose and bitter people who shroud themselves continually in sackcloth, and will not be content unless they see their neighbors sitting in ashes. Life is such a delightful thing to me. If there is a stray gleam of sunshine I want to be in it. I enjoy summer bloom and beauty without bewailing the fact that it must fade when winter comes."

His voice was so purely musical, and his face summer in itself. One listened as to chords played perfectly.

I had found Mr. St. John bitter, but I was half ashamed to confess it, so I said—

"We have been rather gay and dissipated all winter."

"Then a change has certainly come over giant Despair. Miss Adriance, you amaze me! Doesn't St. John preach you homilies upon the waste of time spent in such frivolities?"

"I haven't been sermonized very seriously as yet."

"Wonders will never cease. And though I wouldn't shadow your bright visions, I am afraid I have little faith in his conversion."

Presently we rambled on to something else. He never wore out a theme, or allowed his listeners to weary of it. He was at home everywhere. Any trivial subject blossomed in grace and beauty at his touch. Choice bits of sentiment floated out on the wave of conversation, sparkling like the changeful sea in a midday sunshine. Poetry, music, art, nothing came amiss to him. One could not pause to analyze, but enjoyed without cavilling, as one does the richness of tropical scenery. It gave me a curious sensation, as if I had remained too long in an over-fragrant conservatory.

Before he went away he made an engagement to take us to visit a gallery of paintings then on exhibition. All the evening Anne had been bright and winsome, treating him with the familiarity of a brother.

After he had gone, I lingered by the piano while she collected stray sheets of music.

"You like him?" she began in a confident tone.

"How could any one help it?" I said honestly.

"I'm so glad. He is to stand with you."

"What an odd circumstance. He ought to stand in another capacity, Anne. You have been a different being this evening."

"There's something inspiriting about him, like wine. Perhaps I am too easily impressed."

I took her face between my hands. "Confess, Anne," I said, "that you could have loved this man."

She struggled to free herself. "If I had met him now for the first time, I don't know what effect he might have upon me, but I have known him from childhood."

"And how have you escaped loving him?"

"I do not think he ever loved me." She said it very simply and honestly.

"But women do not always wait for that."

"I don't know that I quite understand it myself, only I can *feel* that we should never do for each other."

"Why?" I asked in astonishment.

"It seems as if he would need a strong and powerful charm to hold him. He would want something rare and startling, a bud one day, a blossom the next, and ever after a different kind of fruit. I am grave by nature, and have but little variety. I should give all at first, and though it might grow more precious to some, I can fancy others tiring of it."

"What an odd girl! Do you think him fickle?"

"He has not proved fickle in friendship." Her eyes wandered from mine as she uttered this.

"There's some mystery about you two people. I can't imagine how you *could* consent to marry that unattractive Mr. Otis when you contrasted him with Mr. Channing."

"I didn't contrast them. Mr. Channing has been away nearly all winter. I cannot make you understand just the kind of friends we have been. He is distantly connected with some cousins of mine, whom I used to visit frequently. I think from the very first we accepted the fact that we were to be nothing but friends."

"And how did he take your engagement?"

"Calmly enough. Don't fill your head with foolish fancies, Sydnie. It is a matter of indifference to Mr. Channing whom I marry."

I thought there was a dash of bitterness in this. "It is of more importance to me," I said warmly. "I cannot endure the thought that you are going to make yourself miserable. It would be better even now to break this engagement. There is nothing but a paltry feeling of gratitude concerned in it. Love is shamed by such a mockery!"

"Hush, you wound me. Let me go my own way—it is best for me. Come, we are staying up unconscionably," and shutting the piano almost violently, she drew me into the hall.

I went to bed with a head full of vague ideas. It seemed to me that Anne ought not to be allowed to take such a desperate step. Were her parents blind!

I watched her and Mr. Channing narrowly the next day, and confess to a secret mortification in finding him polite and devoted in the most gentlemanly manner, but not in the slightest degree loverlike. Indeed he paid me the more exclusive attention. Anne was by far too generous to be suspected of anything like jealousy.

It was singular, but in a week's time I accepted the fact even if I could not be quite satisfied with it. I found too that Mr. Channing was no great favorite with Mr. Sutherland, while he did admire Mr. Otis warmly. Sometimes the latter thawed a little when we were alone with him, but Mr. Channing's presence made him awkward and reserved. I was forced to admit that Mr. Otis possessed many fine characteristics, and a delicacy that one would hardly have expected.

We were kept pretty busy. Shopping, ordering furniture for the new house, being subject to the nod of the dressmaker, and entertaining callers occupied us incessantly. Anne seemed to enjoy the excitement, and I no longer attempted to dissuade her or discourage her in any manner. But I had a fancy that if Mr. Otis had given less lavishly and demanded more in return, claimed Anne as a right, and not taken little crumbs and odd moments of leisure, it would have been better for both. She was so rarely alone with him. Indeed she seemed to shrink from intimate personal contact, while she really had no aversion to him.

Mr. Channing pleased me wonderfully. His beauty did not pall as one became accustomed to it. Every emotion brought a change to his face, a new light in his soft, deep eyes. His was a remarkably expressive face. Another charm was his reading. With his exquisite intonation this was drowsy, lulling music, that lingered in one's brain long after the sound had ceased.

I wrote to Mrs. Lawrence about meeting him, indeed he begged to send a message. What was my surprise to find a note from Mr. St. John enclosed in hers, a few words that angered me in an instant. Its contents were these:—

"Miss Adriance, I regret extremely that you should have met Mr. Channing under such peculiar circumstances. While he is agreeable to the verge of fascination, he is not a man I should select for intimate companionship. Be careful in your acquaintance with him. St. John."

It was mean and cowardly thus to attempt to bias my opinion of Mr. Channing—his own relative too! As if I were a child that had to be warned at every step, and he a person dangerous to any woman's peace. I smiled scornfully over the advice, resolving that it should not interfere with my enjoyment of this pleasant society in the slightest degree. Mr. Channing was not lacking in moral principles or addicted to any small vices. Refined to the verge of fastidiousness, elegant in all his tastes, without being foppish or sentimental; what was there to annoy or distress one? St. John was manifestly unjust and unreasonable.

If he did not admire Mr. Channing I must confess there was but little love lost between them. The latter was not bitter nor satirical, and yet he had a keen appreciation of the ridiculous, and a trick of drawing exaggerated pictures that was most amusing. One day he was enlarging upon Mr. St. John's habits of seclusion and distaste for society.

"No one is quite good enough for his magnificence," he said. "I should think you two women would be a daily trial to him. Perhaps he takes you upon the Romish principle of penance. I don't see how he can resist the opportunity of calling you up every night and reading you a solemn lecture."

There was a touch of reality in this that disturbed me.

"Perhaps *you* have converted him," Mr. Channing went on in a peculiar tone, seeing that I did not reply.

"Oh, no; I have not the courage for such an undertaking," and I unwittingly told the truth.

"He prides himself immensely upon his apathy and impenetrability, as if marble could possibly experience a sensation. Do you know what I should be tempted to do if I were a handsome woman, Miss Adriance?"

"What?"

"Besiege the citadel, and when it capitulated, march off with the utmost indifference. For you women do occasionally play with hearts, and this would be only a petrified semblance. Wouldn't he chafe and fret? Fancy a tiger with the toothache! Ah, your eyes say that is wicked, but I would like to see him conquered."

"You are cruel."

"Oh, Miss Adriance, he seems such a great, useless, misanthropical fellow, full of quips and quirks, and sneers and bitterness. Does he make any one happy? Commend me to the sweet humanity that is not too proud to smile or weep or love."

"Yet he has some friends who admire him extravagantly," I said, thinking of Philip Westervelt.

"What taste they must have!" and he made a grimace at which I could not forbear smiling.

How differently he had affected the two men! Philip loved and revered him, while he and Aylmer Channing could not meet on the plane of ordinary friendship. The latter had a ready sympathy, quick understanding, was most generous of his powers, lavishing his gems on every side, indifferent as to their ultimate fate. He had lost his mother when a mere child, and a gay young stepmother had been the companion of his dawning manhood. He would not have resembled Philip under any training, and yet in his way he was equally charming. We do not hew a Hercules out of every block of marble.

Mrs. Lawrence sent a very cordial invitation for Mr. Channing to accompany me home. I confess I rather regretted arraying myself in such decided opposition to Mr. St. John's advice. But there was no help. I gave it as requested.

It was only a few days before the wedding. We two were alone in the drawing-room.

Mr. Channing glanced up, his face in a radiant glow. "How exceedingly kind of her," he said, then colored a little, and added timidly—"Shall you like it? Will it be pleasant for you?"

I was sorry to have him make it a personal matter and answered rather confusedly "That it would be very agreeable."

"I'm glad not to have to part with you so soon," and the low key into which his voice dropped gave me a most uncomfortable feeling. "Laurelwood is so lovely that I shall enjoy it beyond everything with you. And May is the most beautiful month of the year. How any one can exist and not thrill with delight at the sweet voices of Nature, but go groping along, dumb and blind, seeing no stars overhead, no greenness on the earth, is a mystery to me. These great throbs of fragrant, awakening life kindle in me a fervent enthusiasm."

He looked so charming as he uttered this, his fine eyes aglow with dreamy passion, and wandering smiles curving his scarlet lips, that I forgot my momentary uneasiness and answered him warmly,

"St. John and I never agree on these subjects," he continued. "He has a horror of romance and thinks sentiment of all kinds only fit for a parcel of school girls. With him the world is false and illusive, men are shams, women dolls who can understand nothing higher than dressing and dancing; you are wrong from the beginning, and do your best you can never get right, yet in some incomprehensible manner you are to work out an excellent destiny from these incongruous elements. Has he never treated you to his sublime theories?"

I could not help smiling. I had hardly been able to make more than this out of my guardian's disquisitions. Yet after a moment I felt condemned and said—

"I think you do Mr. St. John some injustice. I have seen him appreciate the noble and grand in Nature, and he has proved a kind friend to several who have come in his way. I believe he is not a man that one would understand readily," then I paused, for I felt my color rising under these strangely soft and luminous eyes.

"He has a lenient judge in you. But confess, Miss Adriance, hasn't he a way of making one feel weak, aimless, and inferior, while he goes up to his Titan heights, looking coldly down and offering no one a helping hand? He isn't a broad, genial, generous man."

It was true.

"However we will not allow it to spoil our delight. I count on having such an enjoyable time. And yet you alone give me courage to enter those Dantean portals."

These personal allusions made me nervous. Perhaps it was merely his complimentary way as a man of the world.

Anne kept wonderfully calm, sustained by the inward strength that she called her duty. Once I ventured to ask if she were happy, for somehow in this time of confusion we had drifted apart.

"Do I act as if I were miserable?" and she gave a tremulous little laugh.

"I don't feel at all satisfied about you. I find myself constantly wishing that some one else stood in Mr. Otis's place."

"Hush. That is a forbidden subject, you know."

"Are you afraid to hear Mr. Channing mentioned in such a connection?"

"Are you not convinced by this time that I possess no strong attraction for him? Do I shun him any way as if I were pained or wounded?"

I confessed that she did not.

"I have chosen Mr. Otis; I shall endeavor to make him happy—and in ministering to another, one cannot fail to reap some reward. Dear Sydnie, never feel distressed about me."

She smiled away some tears.

Then we went on with the wedding preparations. The children were wild over Anne's beautiful dresses; friends came with bridal gifts; and amid all that was pleasant and sweet the marriage day dawned, one of those marvellous April mornings bordering so closely upon the espousal of May, that two voices seemed blending in every waft of fragrant air. Tiny detached drifts of frost white clouds sailed through a sky of peerless blue, and the broad sheets of sunshine were radiant with beauty. I felt inspirited.

Mr. Channing was like the most devoted of brothers. He kept the bridegroom from being unnecessarily awkward, put everybody in the right place, laughed, jested, and made it as gay as possible. We went to church, and walked up the aisle with curious eyes staring at us from both sides; the ceremony began, responses were given in a low tone; and the hand I ungloved was cold and trembling, but the eyes were turned steadily forward as if looking at the new path. What strange courage we women sometimes display. Then they knelt down to receive the benediction that was to crown their lives.

It was all done, past recall. Another had been added to the list of happy or miserable lives.

The reception, tiresome as it was, interested me greatly. The bride was pale and quiet, but looked lovely in her soft, white silk and flowing veil. Mr. Otis acquitted himself very creditably. Mr. Channing was charming beyond description; and when we had laughed and talked, shaken hands, eaten bride-cake, and smiled over our wine-glasses for the appointed time, Annie and I made our exit. I helped her change her dress for a travelling costume, kissed her tenderly, and wished her a happiness I feared would never come; and then she went to her mother for a few last words.

She had preserved a remarkable composure, I thought, but it gave way then. The other farewells were brief, and they drove away on the pilgrimage that had fallen to their lot. For how many of these things come from absolute and unbiassed election?

We had a gay time after they were gone. Quite a party remained, and the evening ended with a little dancing. Mr. Channing lingered until the very last, and left with a promise of seeing me early the next day. He had added a great charm to the visit for me. Not but what I could have enjoyed myself very well with so pleasant a family under other circumstances; indeed the children made a great outcry when they found my departure so near at hand. Walter endeavored to persuade me to remain until Anne's return. It was odd, I thought, that they should seem to count upon her being just as much to them as before.

"I don't know that I could have parted with her, if she were not going to live so near," Mrs. Sutherland said.

How would Mr. Otis like these constant claims? Perhaps his boundless generosity took in the whole family.

The wreck and ruins of the wedding feast seemed everywhere visible; and the house wore a listless, disconsolate look the next day. Anne was missed in every trifling event. Her sweet and yielding nature must have possessed some strong points thus to make her influence felt and needed.

With my good-by I gave a promise of repeating the visit. Then I turned my face homeward, speculating not a little on my reception. Mr. Channing proved a delightful escort. I liked him exceedingly, yet Mr. St. John was hardly out of my mind a moment. Would he deem himself aggrieved by the presence of his cousin, and the fact that I had not heeded his suggestion? I did not well see how I could have helped it.

What a strange tangle most lives are! I wonder if we choose anything? Rather it appears to me that we take the events as they come along, and use them as the present moment dictates, and afterward bewail mistakes, helpless to relieve them.

Two of my companions had decided their destinies. I was not much better satisfied with Anne's marriage than with Laura's, and half convinced that the latter would enjoy more real happiness. She would not struggle to make pure and high motives harmo-

nize with the position in which she would be placed, and know none of the wearying struggles of fruitless endeavor.

I thanked God for the bright promise of Ellen's love. Yet how narrowly that had escaped going down into darkness.

CHAPTER XI.

The heart
Oft grows inconstant in its own despite,
And most in love; because of cruel gods,
Who envy man's obtaining that, the which
They deem their own.
—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

Still, when we purpose to enjoy ourselves,
To try our valor fortune sends a foe,
To try our equanimity, a friend.
—*Goethe's Tasso.*

The fragrant breath of a glorious May morning greeted me as I opened my eyes after a night's sleep at Laurelwood. There had been a shower in the night and the distant fields were a glittering sheet of emeralds and diamonds. Every tree was a haze of sunshine. Spring gusts went wandering through the pines, sweet with the promised luxuriance of coming summer.

A warm glow quivered through my frame. I pushed the heavy hair back from my forehead and drew long breaths of this bewildering air. I thought of the time when I had first come here, and a quick rush of feeling overpowered me for an instant.

But I was forced to return to common daily life. Our welcome of the night before had been warm and cordial from Mrs. Lawrence, and very courteous from Mr. St. John. I was anxious to know how it would prove by daylight. Perhaps after all there was no real antagonism on Mr. St. John's part. Natures like his, strongly marked by positive qualities, are generally severe in their requirements, and impatient with what they consider mental inferiority; but are they any happier or capable of higher enjoyments than the others?

Thirza came to assist me. Mrs. Lawrence had already gone down, so I begged her to be expeditious and soon joined her. They were all in the breakfast room, the two gentlemen talking amicably. So there had been no instant declaration of war. In fact I thought Mr. St. John unusually gay and brilliant. He inquired about the journey, the visit, and hoped our newly married friends had behaved quite to our satisfaction, and were as happy as it was possible to be. Mr. Channing made most of the replies. Whatever had appeared incongruous in the union he very delicately kept in the back-ground. Indeed, listening to him, I began to fancy that Anne had been a rather fortunate girl, and stood a fair chance for a pleasant life.

I could not help contrasting the two men. Aylmer Channing bore out the resemblance to Mrs. Lawrence in many particulars, and especially in that peculiar appearance of youth and gracefulness. He had the beauty of some old god; you could hardly disconnect him from Grecian groves and festivals that legends have brought down to us. The comparison made St. John appear really plainer, gave him a force and ruggedness. The massive brow and head were indicative of power and sternness, where the other's displayed an elegant ease and langor. His face was sharply cut, cold, indrawn, while Mr. Channing carried in his a continual glow of enjoyment.

Mrs. Lawrence was really delighted to have me back again, and I yielded to the charm of her welcome.

"So you like Cousin Aylmer?" she said when we were alone. "I wonder that I didn't think of inviting him in the winter, though I don't believe you suffered for lack of society."

"Indeed, we had our hands full," I rejoined with a smile.

"Aylmer is one of the most finished gentlemen I ever met. The Channing estate is large, too, and there are no children by this second marriage. I wonder that your friend did not choose him instead of looking farther. He tells me they have been acquainted for years."

"Her husband was an old friend also," I said rather coldly.

"What a picture you two people must have made," she went on presently in the tones whose melody was sweet to fascination, even if the theme was deficient in charm. There was something in her manner that gave me an uncomfortable feeling. Why must people look at every ordinary acquaintance or friendship with a view to matrimony? It vexes me.

For several days all went on smoothly enough. Mr. St. John took very little notice of my return, and made no reference whatever to his unlucky note. No one would have supposed he entertained the slightest objection to his cousin. Not that he acted hypocritically; he made no show of affection for Aylmer, but treated him with the nicest courtesy. The circle of neighbors around Laurelwood greeted my return with a most cordial warmth, and we were in continual demand. I had observed before this the peculiar reserve with which most people treated Mr. St. John, or rather which he demanded of them. He was not a man one would be likely to take liberties with. Mrs. Lawrence they drew into their gayeties as if quite by right, and in this pleasant social atmosphere Mr. Channing was instantly included. Invitations poured in upon us as thick as at Christmas tide. It was such lovely weather for rides and drives and little parties.

"You have worked a wonderful change in my august cousin," Mr. Channing said to me. "Why he is quite a civilized being."

"You overrate my influence," I returned. "I have found no change in him since my arrival."

"Ah, you didn't know him before. And Isabelle told me a day or two ago that he had gone into much more society since Miss Adriance came."

I colored a little at this.

"He would be stock or stone if he did not pay some tribute to your charms," was the rejoinder; to which I made no reply.

But that evening Mr. St. John departed from his usual serene mood. We had been talking of a book which had interested us all a good deal, when he demolished our favorite characters with some of his sweeping assertions, very unjust, I thought, and the two had a rather sharp skirmish.

Aylmer went to the window presently, complaining of the heat, when Mr. St. John remarked in a sarcastic tone that he did not perceive any change in the temperature.

I was near by, and could not resist the temptation of saying purposely for his ear—

"Marble generally *is* impervious to heat or cold."

"Thanks," he returned, with a scornful little smile. "Perhaps it would be well to congratulate you on the same principle."

"I haven't been in this atmosphere long enough to become petrified, but it probably would occur if I had no alternative beyond remaining," I answered sharply.

"How fortunate that a summer sea awaits you. Of course there are no such evils as tempests under your bland sky."

Aylmer called me to watch the curious effect of some distant light. What a hard, haughty face I encountered as I passed.

I begin to understand what Aylmer meant when he said they did not agree. The war between them has been fairly inaugurated. There are bitter retorts passing to and fro, veiled by politeness to be sure, but sheathed in sarcasm. Mr. St. John acts as if he thought his cousin's fine qualities put on for effect. Aylmer has a quick eye for beauty, and glowing descriptive powers that in some men would savor of affectation, but with him are perfectly natural. St. John points these with irony or ridicule, and if Aylmer's temper were not the sweetest in the world, he would certainly be vexed.

I stood on the baloony in my riding habit one morning, waiting for the horses. Mr. St. John rose up out of the vines.

"I suppose you are going to discover another smile or dimple in the face of your beautiful nature," he said with an irritating curl of the lip. "You have a rare interpreter in your attendant."

"He certainly is," I returned, roused to warmth—"a worshipper whom not the slightest touch of grace escapes."

"Whether it be in a pretty woman or a pretty landscape, a well shaped hand, or an harmoniously colored tulip."

His comparisons vexed me as much as his tone. "At least he is your cousin," I said pointedly, turning my eyes full upon him.

"I am at loss to know whether that is intended as a compliment for him or myself."

"It was not meant for a compliment at all, merely a reminder."

"That I should take a few lessons of my charming cousin? Become a regular Jemmy Jessamy, flatter and flirt, carry fans and perfumed handkerchiefs?"

"I fancy he possesses some virtues not *quite* above your comprehension."

"Indeed, I thought I enumerated the prominent traits."

"You are determined to see nothing that is good, to pervert and ridicule what others admire."

"I have been aware for some time of the direction your approval has taken, and that you would hardly admit calm reason to make a statement."

"Make as many statements as you like," I said angrily, my face in a blaze at his imputation.

"At least, Miss Adriance, you will allow that the acquaintance of a lifetime is better worth judging from than that of a few weeks. Not that I expect to have the slightest influence over you. I am aware that one hour in Mr. Channing's fascinating society would eradicate any other impression."

"Women are more easily impressed by gentleness and generosity," I said, turning coldly aside.

"Women are impressed by any idle, conceited coxcomb who chooses to appeal to their vanity, pay them homage and dangle after them continually. Tell them the truth and they will hate you—it is like them the world over. A little glitter and show is all they ask."

"Your experience in women must have been rather unfortunate," I said in a sweet, irritating tone, that I knew would exasperate him.

He flushed and frowned and some lightning rays of passion shot out of his eyes. His lips quivered, but made no sound, for just then the horses were led around, headed by Aylmer, who had been superintending some changes in the equipment of mine.

I ran down the steps in triumph, flinging back a disdainful smile.

"Don't you envy us, Stuart?" Aylmer asked gayly. "Nature is in holiday apparel; her heavens are blue, touched with floating drifts of silver; her earth an enchanter's realm, and the air is rosemary and thyme."

Mr. St. John vouchsafed no reply. We mounted and rode quickly down the long avenue. Presently Aylmer said—

"So Memnon has gone back to his voiceless marble! What have you been doing, enchantress?"

"Nothing to make him so rude."

"How majestically sullen he was! Do you know I half suspect he *did* envy me."

"Not on my account," I said shortly.

"I am not so sure of that. He cannot be so widely different from all created beings. I half expected to hear him order you to your room, and dismiss me on the spot. Every morning when I rise I look on my dressing-table to find a paper duly attested, wherein he disowns all relationship to one Aylmer Channing, late his loving cousin, and requests that he shall be no more troubled with such delectable society."

"Not quite so bad as that," and I laughed. I liked this ridiculous exaggeration much better than sentiment, and therefore used every effort to keep him gay.

I confess he does have a singular effect upon me. Every one admires him; and I can see that Mrs. Lawrence puts us in each other's way continually. Mr. St. John does this, also. It piques me to be given to him in this positive manner, as if I had no other resource. Mr. St. John seems to shun me. We might as well be at the antipodes, for any real interest or pleasure we are to each other. He is hard, icy, and impenetrable.

I believe I am coming to a serious part of my life. The open sea seems to divide; and looking down one stream I see a clear, sunny, rippling tide, whose music lulls one to a restful calm. No promise of storms or tempest, no matter how distant. The other is full of frowning rocks, disturbed and unquiet shores, where it would require all one's strength and wisdom to guide the helm, to shun the dangerous ledges, and keep the barque in a safe channel.

I wonder why it is, but I have a misgiving that this sweetness would pall upon me at length, grow utterly wearisome. And yet it is what most women like. It is in my path, and I have only to reach out my hand and accept. For Mr. Channing has shown his love in many ways, and has evinced such a tender consideration for my happiness. He has youth, rare personal endowments, wealth, and a certain winsomeness that attracts friends on every side. Few would fail of being perfectly happy with him. Why does it not satisfy me?"

Ah, why? Heart, what have you done? Why this wandering in gloomy places for a glance from perverse eyes that freeze me with their coldness. Why sip this draught of bitter rue while the goblet of life's sweetest wine stands untasted? Weak and unwomanly as it may be, I can confess here to myself, with no other eyes to witness my humiliation, that I do care for one to whom I am as nothing.

He has attracted me strongly from the very sense of invincible power that is generous only as a conqueror. And if he had striven to subdue, I think I must have yielded eventually, even if I had resisted at first. Once or twice he has carried me along the current of his impetuous desires, and I have learned how sweet it was to yield to so superior a force. But does he care? He has been unjust, impatient, cruel; and that a man can never be to the woman he loves. Ah, dream too sweet for me; the thought tortures my very being!

I can never decide with any certainty upon Mr. St. John. A short time ago he threw me constantly in Aylmer Channing's society, never accompanied us anywhere, plead urgent business, letters to write, or persons to see; and now he has changed inexplicably. I have a consciousness that he follows me everywhere. I catch a glimpse of fierce, restless eyes when I least expect; and now and then he confronts me in a manner so peculiar that it startles me.

Mrs. Lawrence has had the house full of company, though I believe he first proposed inviting some guests. We have had outdoor amusements, and within, music, charades, tableaux, and the like. It has been quite a gala time, and Aylmer has proved a strong attaction. Mrs. Lawrence admires him exceedingly.

I think he remarked this curious surveillance, for one morning as we were rambling in the grounds he spoke of it. I laughed at first.

"He means to frighten away any possible lover by those portentous looks, and keep you here in his castle until you consent to become humble Esther to his magnificence."

"A remarkably distant event;" I replied, rather curtly.

"I should hope so. I cannot imagine a woman loving him. His haughty pride, imperious will, and cold, disdainful nature, his lack of tenderness, and his utter inability to enjoy the highest and keenest happiness, would repel any true woman."

"Are you quite just?" I ventured to say under a passionate heart throb.

"Just? Haven't you used your own eyes? Ah, Miss Adriance, you cannot lead me very far astray in regard to yourself. He *is* barbarous to you sometimes, and you suffer from it as any high toned, sensitive nature would. I know him so well, that his sharp-pointed shafts never wound me. I forgive for relation's sake."

Was it really his dainty, generous philosophy? I did not want to misjudge one so amiable, and yet I wondered how deeply he could be wounded. His bright, exuberant nature seemed akin to a summer day with its great waves of sunshine, singing birds, and wafts of fragrance. How would it be in winter—in trouble or sorrow?

"Of all things wonderful! My amiable cousin coming to meet us! He has certainly developed a phase of jealousy;" and Aylmer gave a light, rippling laugh.

I turned suddenly in a half incredulous mood. Mr. St. John had caught the sound. Oh, that bitter gesture of contempt as if he could have struck some one to the earth—those scornful eyes dilated and sparkling! what unseen fire fed them—jealousy or hate?

Aylmer opened the conversation in a most courteous manner. I debated how I could escape from them both, for I knew this covert peace would prove of short duration. But when I would have left them, Mr. St. John said pointedly,

"Pardon my intrusion, Miss Adriance, and remain. I am the unlucky third."

"My dear cousin, allow me to appease your tender conscience. Our ramble was most unimportant, and you were no interruption whatever."

I fancy he did not like the tone, for Aylmer gave it a peculiar sound, and his reply was sharp. He must have been strangely out of humor. I was really glad when a turn in the walk brought us in sight of the house.

Most of the guests had left us, and he showed a disposition to retire into his former impassibility, but Aylmer was really tormenting with his light ridicule. St. John's ready wit seemed to have deserted him, for though he was bitter, his adversary gained all the triumphs. It was excessively wicked, but I really enjoyed seeing him vanquished. What was in those deep, mysterious eyes? Great waves of something that kept coming and going with phosphorescent light, showing depths and heights but giving no clue to the translation thereof.

Quite late in the evening I remember I was lingering over the piano, when Aylmer asked him a question about some musical composer. He had been making a pretence of reading, but did not progress very rapidly, if one might judge from the slowness with which the leaves were turned. He sat now quite unconscious, his face compressed with some strange, strong purpose.

"Stuart, are you in love?" and Aylmer's dainty lips gave out their musical ripple.

He started up nervously, and shot a rapid glance around.

"What foolish trifles amuse you," he said, haughtily.

"I have asked one question half a dozen times at least. I know of nothing else that can render a man so oblivious; do you, Miss Adriance?"

"I am not experienced in such matters," I returned, confusedly.

"You are at least. A man who has a new love every month, *must* be a competent judge!" and St. John glanced at him scathingly.

"What says your poet?" replied the other—

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.'

and then it doesn't affect one so powerfully as to take away one's senses."

"Some people never would suffer in that respect."

"Stuart, you have been in a most unamiable mood all day. Something must certainly be weighing upon your mind."

"What weak, womanish nonsense!" St. John declared, loftily. "Since love and its accessories suit you so admirably, keep to your own sphere. You will find sufficient attraction in it."

The look as he strode out of the room, was for me. Scorn, anger, and derisive pity; quite as if he despised me. My heart was under my feet in a moment, and I know I repaid him glance for glance.

"The tiger has been caught in the toils. Bravo, Miss Adriance!" Aylmer said, gayly; but I turned away humiliated and pained to my inmost spul. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00.** One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00.** Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 2 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get a large Premium Steel Engraving.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR, TRYING THE WORLD.

We began in THE POST of April 4th, the above novelet by Miss Douglas.

It is the story of a young girl's adventures in "trying the world," and we think will be perused with a great deal of interest.

It will probably run through from fifteen to twenty numbers of THE POST.

THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

CARSTOWN, Ohio, April 28, 1868.

MR. PETERSON:—*Sir*—Allow me now, as I have time, to speak more about the Prize Puzzle published in THE POST of Feb. 29. I received a great many answers and photographs of which I am proud. It shows that the readers of THE POST are intelligent. To prove the extensive circulation of THE POST, I may add I received answers from Texas to British America. The answers were all well written, and it was difficult to determine who should be entitled to the prize; but your readers already know who received it. I regret much that the winner's solution was lost; but in lieu of it, I lay before the readers of THE POST a specimen of the solutions I received. Having tried your readers in the Puzzle line, I will *once* more bother them with their skill. This time on

POETRY.

The reader of THE POST sending me the best original poem on Love, or on a subject of their own choosing, will receive a fine copy of Tennyson's "Maud," or Meredith's "Lucille." The poem must be composed of not less than six verses; must be plainly written, and sent to my address within one month from the date of this paper. The best five poems (if suitable) will be published in THE POST. HENRY C. PARKER,
Carstown, Miami Co., O.

SOLUTION.

THE EVENT.—Battle of Naseby between Charles and Cromwell, resulting in the utter rout of the king's army. (76 letters.)

MR. PARKER—Dear Sir—
Pray don't take it amiss,
If a young girl should render in Latin,
"twice"—BIS:
Near Argos, the marsh must be LERNA,
you'll own,
Said NIOBE Tantalus, grieved herself stone.
Great ROSCIUS the actor, taught great Cicero,
And with Romulus—REMUS was twin, as all know.
Neptune's son was a mer-man named TRITON—a blower,
The place of the spirits is HADES—speak lower!
Cyclopean, BRONTES—and LETHE, dull river,
MEDUSA, the Gorgon, whose snaky locks quiver;—
Egyptia's dusk queen loved her ANTONY madly;
And envious Rome used old CARTHAGE most sadly.
Alexander was killed by the spirit of—WINE;
German WESER debouches northeast of the Rhine.
Philosopher, THALES;—the goddess of flowers
Is FLORA, bedecked in her blossomy bowers.
Then Lydian GYGES—the Scotch town FALKIRK,
With treaty-famed TILSIT, will finish the work.

(P. S. No. 1.) Mr. Parker,
I'm civil,
And would ne'er cast a stigma
On "Typo" or "Devil"
Who set up the Enigma:—
No "*H*" can I see
In the name *An-to-ny;*
While in "Thales," a space
Shows that "*A*" wants a place;
So to "Carthage," like grace.

(P. S. No. 2.) Mr. Parker,
Do say!
Have I won—have I won?
Will you play—will you pay?
Are you only in fun?
The conditions, as set—
In sentences terse—
Special—gen'ral are met:
(I'll *throw in* the verse.)
Here are photograph—name,
Ah! that last grieves me most;
Pray don't print the same
In the "Saturday Post:"
That paper I love,
Yet regard the above!

(P. S. No. 3.)
And now the *book*—I care not whether
'Tis cloth or board-bound, vellum, leather—
A real *book*, not show nor size,
A casket meet of *gems*, for *minds* to prize.
B.

[*Note by the editor of* THE POST.—We are inclined to think the author of the above is also deserving of a Premium. And if she will send her address, we will send a volume in acknowledgment.]

PAINTINGS AND STATUARY.

We would call the attention of our readers to the fact that the 45th Annual Exhibition of the ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS is now open daily from 9 A. M. till 7 P. M., and from 8 to 10 in the evening. Season tickets 50 cents—single admission 25 cents.

ABOMINABLE IF TRUE.—We see it stated that "the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate subpœnas all the witnesses in the impeachment trial by telegraph, and then charges ten cents a mile travelling expenses to and from the places of residence. His dispatch to General Rousseau, in Oregon, puts $1,600 into his pocket."

If the above is true, it is simply outrageous. The people are taxed almost beyond their ability, to pay their honest debts—and this they are willing to endure. But to be taxed to allow one man here, and another there, to accumulate fortunes in the shape of official perquisites, is a matter which should receive the immediate attention of those who call themselves the representatives of the people, but who often are merely the representatives of a ring of scheming politicians.

THE TOBACCO NUISANCE.—A traveller through a country town in Maine where there are no hotels, obtained lodgings with a farmer. The next morning, when he inquired for his bill, the farmer said, "85 cents for meals and lodgings, and 25 cents for squirting tobacco juice over the floor."

The only fault in the Maine farmer was a want of sense. He should have charged 85 cents for the meals, and $1.85 for the tobacco nuisance. That a man chews tobacco is his own business—where he spits it is everybody's business.

THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.—It is said that The Cornhill Magazine circulates 18,000, and not 80,000, as claimed for it; Macmillan's, 7,500; Belgravia, edited by Miss Braddon, 18,500; London Society, 20,000; Temple Bar, 13,000; Blackwood, 7,500; Saint Paul's, edited by Anthony Trollope, 25,000; Tinsley's Magazine, 10,000. We should think such small circulations "no great shakes" on this side of the ocean.

CHICAGO.—Lake Michigan is said to be sinking—or, which amounts to the same thing, the land around it is rising. This freak of nature is a very fortunate one for Chicago, which has already been obliged to raise the level of its territory several feet. This upward tendency of Chicago would seem to prove that that city is not so bad as it is generally painted.

THE WILDCAT NATIONS.—The paper money of Brazil is depreciated 50 per cent. below gold—the universal standard; of Turkey, 20 per cent.; of Italy, 15 per cent.; of Russia, 12 per cent.; of Austria, 10 per cent.; and of the United States 30 per cent. It is a humiliating fact that our currency should rank below all of the above countries—save Brazil!

MRS. LINCOLN'S DEBTS.—If, as Mrs. Lincoln's "confidential servant" avers, she owed to different store-keepers the enormous sum of $70,000 at the time of Mr. Lincoln's death (debts of which her husband was entirely ignorant), we have some explanation of her after pecuniary embarrassments.

HARD ON SWINBURNE.—It turns out that the poet Swinburne knows nothing about the Monken, and that the joint photograph of the two was gotten up by some enemy of the poet, as a practical illustration of his poetry. It was very naughty as a fact—but as a joke pretty good.

☞ An exchange says that "cheap dwellings for the middle classes are needed *above all other edifices.*" That would be in the attics—but then, if they lived in the attics, would they be the "middle" or the "higher" classes?

☞ It is said there is a mother in Iowa whose sympathy runs to anæsthetics, and before she whips her children she gives them a dose of chloroform.

☞ A fervid young convert in Minnesota, during a recent revival, feeling great interest in the spiritual future of a friend, whose profession was that of a trapper, made public supplication for him in words following: "Lord, there is Mr. L———, who traps for a living. Lord, he traps wild animals to support his family. Oh, Lord! *trap him!*"

☞ Spurgeon objects to hearing a man pray half an hour, and then conclude by asking the Lord to pardon his short-comings.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WORLD AT HOME. Published by Evans & Co., 814 Chestnut street, Philada. The May number contains a variety of interesting articles.

JOHN MILTON AND HIS TIME. An Historical Novel. By MAX RING. Translated from the German by F. Jonlan. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

OLD MORTALITY. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL. A Novel. By the author of "Cometh up as a Flower." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

LITTLE DORRIT. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE ABBOT. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE MONASTERY. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

PSYCHE'S ART. "Handsome is that handsome does." By LOUISA M. ALCOTT, author of "Hetty's Class-Day," "Aunt Kipp," "Moods." Loring publisher, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Devoted to Science and the Mechanic Arts. Published by the Franklin Institute at their hall, Phila.

THE WATCH. Its Construction, Merits, and Defects. How to choose it and how to use it. Illustrated. By HENRY F. PIAGET; a Watchmaker of over forty years' practical experience. To which is added a short Essay on Clocks, and how to use them. Published by the author at 110 Fulton St., New York City.

Where the Capital of the Union Might Have Been.

[We don't know who wrote the following. He probably is an intelligent man, notwithstanding the light and unrespectful way in which he speaks of the "village of Germantown:"]

The original sites proposed for the capital of the Union were Germantown, Philadelphia, Havre de Grace and Baltimore. Germantown, as many may not be aware, is a hill-top village, seven or eight miles interior from Philadelphia, founded by Dunkers, Quakers, and Hard-shells of every denomination. It was once actually voted to be the site of the capital, and during the interval of a year before the repeal of the act, the staid population of Germantown was violently convulsed. The old Quaker women grew refractory, and ordered new bonnets. The good old Dunker wives expected each of their daughters to marry a member of Congress. The young men stopped ploughing, and expected to be department clerks. Ale houses opened in wonderful excess, and every Germantowner took to reading political papers. It was a year of decadence and *delirium tremens*. The graveyards got fat that year. They thought of giving up the orthodox meeting-house for a War Department, and stopped the cannon ball cracks in the old Chew mansion to fit it up for General Washington. Germantown has never recovered from that blow. Ever since the act of repeal the Friends' meeting-house has been empty. Philadelphia has been pertly described by Jas. Parton as "Quakerism modified by Franklin." It was the great city of the country when the nation began, being at that time about the size of Indianapolis at present. Whiskey was known to be good there, and hotel room ample. No man could lose his way home after a political caucus by taking a crooked street. So it had many friends to vote it the permanent capital city. In the Senate, when the matter was proposed in 1790, twenty-two voted for Philadelphia as the capital, to thirty-nine against it—the same figures as those which lost Germantown. And Philadelphia died hard. It felt that indignant sentiment of the boy who was rejected for the captaincy of the cornstalk military company: "My mother says I'm the biggest, and I ought to be captain." Consider the present circumstances, if Germantown had become the metropolitan city. We should have had the Congressional debates printed only in German. Every Senator would have had his desk full of pretzels. The Hole-in-the-Wall would have run lager everlastingly. The Speaker of the House must have sat in the gallery, so that the debaters could see to address him over their enormous abdomens. Sausage would have been franked to all parts of the country, and sweitzerkase by the ton charged to the item of stationery. William Penn and Gambrinus would have been perched together on the dome of the capital. The journal of Congress would have been dated "First day of the seventh month." All the President's receptions would have been held in drab coats, and General Grant would have worn the uniform of a perpetual Saengerfest. Every Senator would have addressed the chair only when the spirit moved him. What a lot of public printing we should have spared ourselves. Havre de Grace would have made one of the most beautiful sites in America for the capital city. High blue ridges of wooded mountains lie in its perspectives. It stands at the head of the noblest bay on the Atlantic coast, with the valley of the Susquehanna opening communication with the North and the West; a great city suburban to it, coal and lumber flowing naturally past it, and the garden country of the Middle States for its lawns. It would have made, as it may still make one day, a situation worthy of a vast population and a vast trade.

☞ LUCKY THING FOR THE DIRECTORS.—Shareholders have no voice in the control of one important branch of railways—the *switch*.

☞ Massachusetts repudiates woman's suffrage. The Judiciary Committee reported unanimously against putting an amendment into the constitution. Both Houses promptly agreed to the report, and for the third time the Legislature refuses the right of suffrage to those who misrepresent the women of the land by asking for it.

Advice to a Young Man.

BY JOHN QUILL.

The following letter was addressed to a young man who had fallen in love with a girl, and was about to start out on a campaign against her. The subject possesses universal interest, and if by my comments upon it I shall succeed in helping some poor stranger over the thorny way to matrimony, I shall be amply repaid, although that fact would not cause me to reject with indignant scorn any ten dollar bill sent to me by my fellow creatures whose hearts overflow with gratitude.

I am not mercenary, but life besides being a troubled dream, is expensive, and butter is eighty cents a pound.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Before you begin your assault upon the affections of Miss Smith, with whom, you tell me, you are in love, let me offer you a few words of counsel. Never be ashamed to take advice from an older man than yourself. Gray hairs bring wisdom and discretion, and he who with simple reverence heeds the words of warning that fall from aged lips, and guides his footsteps thereby, will win enduring success, and be blessed in his generation. It was a venerable white-haired old man who taught me always to go it alone in euchre when I held both bowers and the ace, and look at me now! I am the father of five children, and owe my tailor one hundred and seventy-five dollars, that I can't pay. Believe me age brings with it that experience which time alone can supply.

In the first place, my boy, when you go courting, never start out on the principle that you can make a good thing of it by crowding upon the young woman's parents. Confine yourself strictly to the offspring. On the same principle, if any other vagabond and foolish youth is prowling around trying to walk into that woman's holiest emotions, hold yourself in, no matter how mad you may feel about it, and, instead of saying hard things about him, praise him up as a good fellow, who means well, and at the same time intimate that you consider him of not much account in a general way.

She will like you for your magnanimity, and despise him because you patronize him.

Women are like the nightmare; they always go by contraries.

Make up your mind to block the little game of your rival. Always have engagements a week or two ahead with your angel, and ask her to go to the opera before the sale of tickets begins. He, like a genuine jackass as he is, will very likely wait until he buys the pasteboards.

Never let him sit you out either. When you both happen in together of an evening, let him do most of the talking at first, and about the time his limited stock of ideas begins to give out, you will come up smiling, and he has either got to sit there like a lot of dead wood, or else go home.

If he stays too late for decency, get up and say to him in a pleasant voice, "Come, William, it is getting late; we had better go." And he will rise up and come along, gritting his teeth, and swearing inwardly at you.

But you needn't care, for you'll know you have a soft thing on him.

When you pop, don't go straddling around on the floor on your knees. It is not only ridiculous, but it is destructive of trowsers. If she says "yes," you don't need any instruction, the whole business is *ad libitum*. If she happens to remark "no," but thinks she can always regard you "as a friend," don't make any observations about suicide. No girl was ever worth going to the cold and silent grave for, you know, and you may have a chance to sail in again, and win.

I know a man who broached the subject eighteen times to the same girl, and he got her at last. Never say die. There is no last ditch in love. The case only grows hopeless when the girl dies.

Never talk to her of love in a cottage by the sea. Four-story brown stone houses with gas, water, with all the modern conveniences and a back staircase, is what she wants.

If when you ask her to have you she says, "Not much, I won't," don't despair; maybe she will a little. But don't consider yourself accepted because she rejects you twice. Two negatives make an affirmative in grammar, but not in courtship.

If she has any little brothers and sisters, let them maul you, and fool around you, and put their greasy fingers on your clothes, and pull your hair, and make themselves generally disagreeable.

Never write a proposal to a girl. A friend of mine did this once, and made a mistake, and directed it to the sister of the one he wanted, and this old sister, you observe, accepted him by return of mail, and then because he wouldn't marry her, her father came down and flogged him, and she sued him for breach of promise, laying her claims at $20,000, and she got it.

Lacerated affection is expensive, my boy.

When you are engaged, don't go down and spot round after a house the very next day, nor begin to buy furniture, cradles, and one thing and another. Women's minds are like ten-dollar bills, liable to change, and she may think better of her bargain, and take another man. Then you have got to get up an auction of the most ridiculous character.

☞ A citizen of Massachusetts died recently aged eighty-eight years and seven months, having been a rigid temperance man for over forty years. A few days before his death he was advised by his physician to use a little brandy as a stimulant, necessary to support life, but declined doing so, lest he "might acquire a fondness for liquor."

☞ Two prisoners, under sentence of death at Sing Sing, have brought suits for false imprisonment against the warden, because they were not hanged on the day appointed.

☞ Pomp: "Cuff, can you tell me the difference between an accident and a misfortune?" Cuff: "Gives it up, Pomp. Can you?" Pomp: "If an infernal revenue assifor should fall into the ribber, that would be an accident; if somebody should pull him out, that would be a misfortune."

☞ Peanuts seem to be a trivial article, but in North Carolina, where they are chiefly raised, they have almost taken the place of cotton, as the great staple, and bring their cultivators annually $100 per acre.

A TALE OF THE TROPICS.

Titti Fal Lay was a lovely maid—
The white of her eye was like marmalade,
Her skin was the blackest of inky blacks,
And her lips were as scarlet as sealing wax.

She wore her hair in a fuzz a-top,
Like a swab (the nautical term for mop;)
Her ivory teeth were two gleaming rows,
And she carried a skewer in her comely nose.

She loved a sailor (did Titti Fal Lay,)
Who had been on that island cast away.
Titti Fal Lay was the child of a king,
But she loved Jack Deadeyes like anything.

She loved Jack Deadeyes; but—woe is me!—
Jack Deadeyes he wasn't in love with she;
For he fondly thought of his lovely Nan
(Who lived at Wapping,) did that young man.

And so, alas, and alack-a-day!
When an English ship sailed into the bay,
(The Lively Betty, a seventy-four,)
He took a berth in that man-of-war!

Then Titti Fal Lay (her heart was broke)
Wept—but never a word she spoke;
But she skewered herself, did the mournful maid,
On the native weapon, a sword-fish blade.

They buried her under the Bo-bo tree,
With her favorite kitten along o' she;
And the purple-nosed monkeys sadly rave,
And chew their tails o'er the maiden's grave.

The Fictions of History.

A distinguished Belgian author, with an eye to the truth of history, has deliberately exploded some of the most cherished ancient stories and traditions in the language. He declares that the Colossus of Rhodes was nothing but an ordinary statue set up near the harbor which fiction insists it straddles; that Belisarius never was blind nor a beggar; that there was no female Pope in the ninth century; that the tomb in Paris of Abelard and Heloise is all a myth; that the William Tell apple story was conjured up two hundred years after that immortal mountaineer had sunk to his last rest; that Petrarch was enamored of other women than Laura; that Clarence was not drowned in a Malmsy butt; and that, instead of Leonides having only three hundred men at the pass of Thermopylæ, he had at least seven thousand. These conclusions, it must be confessed, are revolutionary and radical enough to please the most stolid unbeliever in the history of the dark and middle ages. But should we not pin our faith as readily to the theories of this writer as to those of any other historian of the time?

Another romantic fiction, which has long served the turn of poets and orators as an historical fact, is knocked on the head by Prof. Evans, in his article on Pompeii in the last number of the North American Review. It is the story of the Roman sentry, who would not leave his post at the city gate, though the shower of hot ashes fell thick and fast upon him until they buried him from sight. The story went that he was found at his post, lance in hand, and helmet on his head; and this noble devotion to duty has called forth many eulogies of Roman military discipline. Prof. Evans says the story is the invention of the ciceroni and custodi, who infested the ruins of Pompeii under the old *regime*, and who told the credulous tourist immense falsehoods as a kind of compensation for the immense fees which they extorted from him. Alas for the faithful Roman!

How to Get Rid of Street Music.

Street music is often a very pleasant thing—but in cases of sickness, or at night, it is often a nuisance of the worst kind. A certain London householder, whose life is passed among the poor, and who has seen what misery is entailed upon their sick by street-music for the sake of a little gratification of a few hale idlers, has set his face against that institution very resolutely. The street in which he himself resided was "a quiet" one; that is, it never enjoyed repose from musical visitation; the hand-organ at one end of it only leaving off its execrable grinding as the brass band began to bellow at the other end. Well, he hit upon a plan. He has no children, but many servants; and as soon as the tormentors came in sight, these domestics had orders to flock to the windows. The master and mistress of the house stared admiringly out of the drawing-room; the butler and footman showed their patronising faces at the dining-room; the housemaids, rushing to missus's bed-room, glued their faces to the panes; the cook and kitchen-maids fled up-stairs to the upper-floors, and gazed down with approving looks upon the tuneful throng.

From window and casement,
From turret to basement,

all was rapture and admiration. Strain after strain was poured forth to so appreciative an audience, and the mutual understanding was most cordial until the very last—until the question of pecuniary remuneration. My friend enjoyed, admired, appreciated, but, as a matter of principle (as he informed the German hornblower,) he never *paid*. They had his best attention, and that of his household, but they never saw the color of his money. The system has been most successful, and not a note of music now breaks the silence of that street.

Och! when gay sparks the swate young
ladies woo,
Their little hearts catch fire in rael quick
fashion;
And isn't it because they're victims to
The *tinder* passion?

☞ Mr. ——, one of the wealthiest men of Boston, becoming involved not long since, made over his property to his son, in order to save it. He passed through the crisis, however, without failure or prosecution, but when he came to demand the property back, the son refused to restore it. The latter now holds the estate and lives in luxury, while the father has died of a broken heart.

☞ "Did your wife have an income last year?" asked an internal revenue officer of a citizen of Carlinsville, Ill. "Yes, she had twins—both girls." The officer concluded that it was a pretty liberal income.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE IMPEACHMENT.—The Impeachment Trial still continues. Very able speeches have been made by Stevens and Williams on the part of the prosecution, and Groesbeck and Evarts on the part of the defence.

WASHINGTON.—The Congressional Democratic Executive Committee has unanimously passed resolutions requesting the National Committee to issue a call for the meeting of the Presidential Nominating Convention early in June, instead of on July 4th, as now fixed.

CONNECTICUT.—The official returns give a Democratic majority of 1,772.

GEORGIA.—General Meade reports that in Georgia the Constitution is probably carried by a large majority. The Radicals elect the Governor, and the Democrats a majority of the Legislature.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The official majority for the Constitution in South Carolina, as reported by General Canby, is 43,400.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Returns of the election in North Carolina, with thirty-six counties to be heard from, show a majority for the Constitution of over 13,000.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The trial of the Fenian sympathisers concerned in the Clerkenwell prison gunpowder explosion, has been brought to a close. But a short time was consumed by the jury in its deliberations, and a verdict of not guilty was returned for all the prisoners, except Barrett.

Further particulars of the shooting of Prince Alfred have been received. He was shot in the back on the 12th of March, by a man named Farrell, a Fenian, and the bullet was not extracted until the 14th. The Prince is considered out of danger, but will be sent home. The attempt to assassinate him created profound excitement throughout Great Britain. Farrell, the would-be assassin, has been indicted, tried, convicted, and sentenced to death.

THE ENGLISH MINISTRY AGAIN BEATEN.—Mr. Disraeli has been again beaten, and has asked time for deliberation as to his future course, and has gone to Osborne to consult the Queen. The resolution in dispute reads as follows: "That in the opinion of the House, the Irish Church should cease to exist as an establishment, due regard being had, however, for personal interests and rights of property." This resolution was carried against the most strenuous ministerial opposition by a majority of 65.

GERMANY.—It is officially stated that the reduction heretofore announced in the Prussian army will consist of 12,000 men.

FRANCE.—Many American naval officers are expected to be present at the opening of the International Marine Exhibition at Havre.

ABYSSINIA.—Farther particulars from Abyssinia have been received. Special telegrams state that King Theodorus made an attack on the British advance on the 10th of April, when he was repulsed, having about 500 men killed, and that he was subsequently deserted by almost all of the remainder of his troops.

The King then retreated inside the fortress of Magdala, where, supported by some few devoted followers, he made a desperate resistance to the English, but finding his cause made hopeless by the assault of Napier's "stormers," he committed suicide by a pistol shot as the British approached his last stand point.

SOUTH AMERICA.—The news from the scene of war on the Parana is unfavorable to the Paraguayans.

Despatches from the Brazilian forces, represent that the allied South American forces, land and naval, have made themselves masters of all the principal positions around the Fortress of Humaita, and it is thought that the place cannot long resist the combined attacks by land and water of the allies, whose troops are daily increasing in numbers.

THE SUEZ CANAL.—The projector of the Suez Canal, M. De Lesseps, says that the enterprise will be finished, and the canal opened for the passage of ships from the Caspian to the Red Sea, in October, 1869.

☞ A child having said, "Folks say that I am handsome," Mrs. Sigourney replied, "Never mind; if you behave well, folks will like you just as much as if you were not handsome."

☞ A feeble-looking boatman was recently summoned for doing "grievous damage" to the East River. In the course of evidence it was proved that he had twice attempted to pull up the stream.

☞ An old friend having recently called upon Lord Brougham. "Who are you, sir, and what do you want?" asked the Ex-Chancellor. "Oh," replied the friend, "don't you remember J. B.?" "Yes, I do; he died eighteen months ago." "Oh, no, Lord Brougham, I am J. B." "Very well, sir," rejoined the peer, "but if this interview is to be an agreeable one, don't contradict me!" We should judge from the above, that the veteran's mind was failing.

MEN have many faults,
Poor women have but two;
There's nothing right, they say,
And nothing right they do.

☞ It is proposed in New York as a fit punishment for Jefferson Davis, that he be condemned to take a journey on the Erie or Long Island Railways. The New York Sun, however, thinks the idea too shocking for even the enemies of Mr. Davis to contemplate. It is thought that the Senate, if it brings Mr. Johnson in guilty, may sentence him to take such a journey.

☞ "Greater Britain" is the title of a work upon the United States, written and about to be published by Mr. Wentworth Dilke, who accompanied Hepworth Dixon on his American tour.

☞ The minuteness of the new style of bonnets has enabled economical milliners in Paris to announce bonnets for three cents each, made of thin, pliable strips of wood, woven like a net, and with the interstices filled with very narrow ribbon. Of course these three-cent bonnets may be "trimmed" up to the highest possible price.

☞ A new visiting card has been introduced. It is oval, with the border cut into twelve points, bearing the numerals from 1 to 12, to represent the hours of the day. The visitor turns down the point indicating the time of the call.

Bearded Women.

The caprices of fashion with regard to woman's hair furnish a good deal of material for satire at the present day; but the most extravagant of them now are tame compared with the capillary freaks of women in the olden times. Among the Roman women at one period, there was a morbid ambition to grow beards, and they used to shave their faces and smear them with unguents to produce those appropriate appendages. Cicero tells us that there was a law passed against this practice, which is a proof that it must have been carried to a great extent. Among the Greeks, too, a similar fancy appears at one time to have existed; for they represented their Cyprian Venus with a beard, and Suidas asserts that false beards were more than once in vogue with the Athenian women. The Lombard lasses, also, had the same notion, but with more purpose in it; for we learn from old writers that the Amazons of that nation, when levying war upon their neighbors, used to improvise beards by arranging their hair upon their cheeks, so that they might look, at a little distance, like warriors of the rougher sex, and so strike the more terror to their male foes.

☞ The "Spirit of Seventy-six," a dramatic squib on the Women's Rights question, was written, it is announced, by Mrs. D. S. Curtis, wife of a Boston banker.

☞ Montana produced for the year ending July 1st, 1866, $18,000,000 in gold; for the year ending July 1st, 1867, $12,000,000—a decrease of one-third in a year.

☞ "Fast horse on the brain" was the cause of the demise of an Iowa Agricultural Society.

☞ A young lady, in Maine, was recently killed by falling from a swing, which had been put up for her amusement only a few minutes previously.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

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Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those BROWN DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.

☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

THOSE who suffer from nervous irritations, itching uneasiness, and the discomfort that follows from an enfeebled and disordered state of the system, should take AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and cleanse the blood. Purge out the lurking distemper that undermines the health, and the constitutional vigor will return. my2-it

NEURALGIA in all its stages, Nerve-ache and other painful nervous complaints ejected from the system and prevented, by partaking of DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL, which invigorates and tones the *nerve fluid* and effects a cure. This is a safe medicine for debilitated constitutions. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot 120 *Tremont St., Boston, Mass.* Price $1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra.

Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, Agents, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—The first cures old sores and ulcers after every other remedy has failed; while the second instils more strength and richness into the blood than a hundred times the same weight in food.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th of Jan., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. WILLIAM A. MENDENHALL to Miss MARY APPLEGATE, both of this city.

On the 6th of April, by the Rev. William T. Eva, THOMAS L. RITTENHOUSE, M. D., to Miss ADELAIDE S. MILLER, both of this city.

On the 13th of April, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. DAVID COLE to Miss AMANDA MURREY, of this city.

On the 23d of April, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, D. D., JOHN BARRETT to ELIZA F. LE MAISTRE, both of this city.

On the 13th of April, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. HENRY RAMSCHER to Miss ELIZA A. MYERS, both of this city.

On the 19th of April, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. T. J. H. HEIST, formerly of Bucks county, Pa., to Miss AMELIA T. OFF, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name

On the 30th of April, GEORGE C. HALZELL, aged 31 years.

On the 28th of April, Mrs. MARY HARVEY, in her 78th year.

On the 27th of April, Mrs. JANE KENNEY, in her 58th year.

On the 27th of April, HANNAH, widow of Isaac Townsend, in her 81th year.

On the 27th of April, ANDREW DILLWORTH, aged 82 years.

On the 26th of April, Mrs. HANNAH J. FOWLER, aged 29 years.

On the 26th of April, Capt. THOMAS HAND, a soldier of the war of 1812, aged 78 years.

On the 25th of April, DEBORAH DICKINSON, in her 68th year.

On the 20th of April, Sergt. JACOB P. BARFORD, in his 26th year.

On the 24th of April, Mrs. SELINA S., wife of Mr. Jacob Fisher, in her 34th year.

OURS.

I.

Ours! We know them well, the darling maidens,
Destined mothers of the coming race;
Know each innocent voice's joyous cadence,
Know the gay smile on each fair young face.

II.

Pure as pearls from difficult depths of ocean,
Pure as dew-drops from the lids of morn,
Hearts like theirs to every true emotion
Vibrate, brimmed with love, unseared by scorn.

III.

What more beautiful, when dawn of Summer
Opens softly bright the gates of rest,
Than a girl of *ours*, a sweet new-comer,
Fresh and fragrant from her maiden nest?

IV.

How she brightens all the breakfast-table!
How her loving looks, serenely gay,
Wield a magic influence, to enable
Men to meet the troubles of the day!

V.

Younger creatures gladly round her gather,
Seek a sister's smile, a sister's kiss:
Tears may dim the eyelids of a father
Who can call so sweet a daughter his.

VI.

There shall come to her love's passionate idyl;
Come new hopes, new dreams, a stronger life;
Through the portals of a joyous bridal
May she pass, to be a perfect wife.

VII.

Strew white roses! scatter snowy favors!
She is happy in her flowers of youth,
Pressed to one true heart that never wavers,
Kissed by lips that never spake untruth.

VIII.

Whom she loves shall deem the world worth winning—
Nought like love can make men's pulses stir:
She shall aid him well from the beginning—
Blest with boys like him, and girls like her.

Keeping House.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

To be a good housekeeper involves very much more than being able to sweep rooms and cook the food of a family, and no woman should marry till she is able not only to do this, but to preside over a household with good economy, with forecast and dignity. She must understand the requirements of a family, the prices and quantities of expenditure, and she must be willing to keep a rigid account thereof.

Every housekeeper should have an account-book, in which should be carefully noted down every article purchased, with date and price. In doing this a woman will be surprised to learn how much it cost to live, and she will learn also to husband her resources, and avoid unnecessary expense. She will remember that while all the time and energies of the heads of a family are required to meet its daily animal necessities, they are no better than slaves; and hence it seems the fitting province of a woman to see that there is no waste; that what is brought into the house is carefully looked after, made to go as far as possible, made to look as well as possible, and made to afford the fullest possible comfort to the family.

For this purpose she must be orderly in her habits, and be capable of planning with judgment. She should know the quantities required, and how to preserve from waste what is over and above the daily needs of the household. She may be pardoned a good deal of girlish vanity in dressing herself, and arranging her surroundings becomingly, in order to set off all to the best advantage; for this is to keep a fresh, cheery house, the delight and comfort of its inmates, but let her never for one moment consider what this or that neighbor will think about his or her little republic of home. If they praise her, very well; if they criticise and sneer at her, very well, also—she must be above minding it.

I think both husband and wife ought to understand thoroughly the theory, at least, of good, wholesome cooking; and, in cases of emergency, the former should be willing to *lend a hand* to an over-worked wife. It will be do disparagement to his manhood to *take hold* now and then, if nothing more than to show his entire sympathy with her, and tenderness for her; but a *good wife*, and a good housekeeper, will not tax the good man in these petty household matters; on the contrary, she will so skillfully work the machinery of the house, that all will be done, and be hardly known how and when; she will not belittle him and herself by too much talk about annoying details.

It requires great skill and judgment to cook well. A young housekeeper must do nothing without exact rule, weight, or measurement, otherwise she will make innumerable mistakes, and create much disappointment and discomfort. *It is very important that a family should feed well.* Health, and cheerfulness, and good morals, are all more or less involved in the way our tables are managed. A bright, happy wife feels delight in serving up delicate dishes for the man of her choice, and a gratified look or appreciative word should not be withholden by him. It seems utterly *piggish* to see a man sit down and devour what has cost care, and skill, and taste to prepare, and never one word of approval or gratification. It is the *way* of some men, and a most boorish, disagreeable *way* it is.

While travelling, a few years since, I was detained some days in one of our Western cities. My room overlooked a lane or alley-way, in which were several houses occupied by the better class of artizans, and I became much interested in one of these, so much, that no sooner did I hear a glad shout from a little voice, than I knew it was meal time, and "Daddy was coming," and I took up my point of observation in harmless and admiring scrutiny of the well-governed house. On the way in, the father raised the rejoicing child in his arms, and gave it two or three resounding smacks; another one had crept to the door-sill, and this was lifted also, and its little cheek laid tenderly upon the shoulder, which was hunched up to bring it close to that of the father's. By this time, the wife had brought a bowl of water, and a white, coarse towel; then she took the children down, applying also sundry pats, now on the shoulders of the little ones, and now on the bread, fatherly ones; and now the chairs were placed at the table, and while the husband gave a last rub of the hard, rough hands, he stretched out his neck and kissed the pretty, girlish wife, who would be hovering near him. They said grace, they dined at the plain, wholesome board, and more than once I found myself wafting them a benediction with the tears in my eyes. It is so brutish to pass without a word of recognition of the Great Giver.

The husband was a grave man, and the wife a lively, cheery one, neat as a new pin, and very chatty. I thought them wonderfully well matched, for there was no moroseness in the man nor levity in the woman, and when Sunday came, and the little household, dressed in all their finery, baby and all, went out to church, it was a sight to behold. Theirs was quite model keeping house as far as it went.

I wish my readers would read more than once the story of Ruth Pinch, as given in Martin Chuzzlewit—it is enough to make one in love with cooking and keeping house; the pretty girl does every thing with such a grace and alertness; her whole soul is so bent upon infusing comfort into every thing; she is so unselfish, so loving, so wise, and so unconscious of her wisdom; so good, and knows so little about her goodness, that she is one of the sweetest of Dickens's many lovely, thoroughly human women. And here let me remark, that Dickens, like Shakspeare, portrays men and women, not monsters of perfection, and he is a safer guide, if guide be needed, than the great mass of fiction writers. If women form their opinions of the other sex by what they find in these books, they will be greatly shocked when they come to the reality, and learn that men act and think very much as they themselves do in ordinary life, only a *little more so;* the conventional man to whom "it is agony to weep"—who is "the very soul of honor;" who is "brave as a lion," and, "oh, so tender!" who is very taking, and a cross between a saint and devil, like Jane Eyre's hero—is a myth; men are nobler and better, because more human than all this, and if women would cast all this nonsense aside, and judge them by what they are and were meant to be, they would find themselves happier, and they themselves would impart more happiness to others.

I think men are more naturally inclined to system and order than women are; they dislike to "see things out of place;" perhaps the nature of their studies, and the great exactitude required in all and every species of handiwork produces this effect, and hence it often happens that matrimonial bickerings are produced by this cause alone, and thence they go on, till, like the accumulating drift of the maelstrom, petty vexations increase and are swallowed up in one vast circle of never ending, always beginning discords.

"A place for every thing, and every thing in its place," is the law of good housekeeping. A bag for twine and strings; a basket (or cheap vase, which is prettier) for loose papers; a box for bundles, neatly assorted and strongly tied; jars of all the delicious fruits labelled; loops to dusters; pegs for all needful purposes; and over and above all, the pleasant, watchful eye of the mistress. Every week, from attic to cellar, every department is inspected by the good, careful wife; and every morning the daily work should be so planned that cheerfulness and good order will prevail, and no flutter, no fluster nor hurry mar the sweetness of her handsome, winsome face.

I do not say "avoid the first quarrel," as most of writers do, for what chance is there for quarrelling between a truly mated pair? They may have now and then a little breeze, but there will be no bitterness in it, and the one that first says "forgive me, darling," and puts up the lip for a kiss, is, for the time being, the loveliest and noblest of the two. If the pair are candid, genial, and unselfish, they will each so generously magnify the excellences of the other, that nothing can be better than the way which the other thinks and does; and there will be a sort of good-natured strife to exalt and please each other.

"Oh, there is no place like home," to such a pair; and it is little short of heaven to pure hearts, where no rancor is, nor selfishness, nor envy, nor malice, nor evil speaking, nor malevolence of any kind.

"There is, of course, blame on both sides," is the plausible remark of lookers on when difficulties arise in the marriage relation. It would be wiser, kinder and better to say, "They are unsuited to each other," and where such is the case, the relation is a scourge and a mockery, deadening and destructive to soul and body; rooting out all that is genial, noble, and lovable in character. It is the great life mistake, and God help such!

Then again we shall hear of "change." "Love has died out between the two." Love never dies! "It was not love that went." It was something altogether unlike, lower, coarser, and allied to what is infernal, rather than divine. Love is older than creation; stronger than the eternities. Jacob Belsmen has said, "I know not but love is greater than God;" he is glorious in the grandeur of the thought, however paradoxical it may sound. Those who love *once*, love eternally.

In adjusting the household, I would have the pair mutually helpful; but there are certain matters that look handsomer in the hands of a woman than in a man. I think he, as a gentleman, who should be independent of all others, ought to be able to broil a steak, mend a rent, or "sew on a button;" but it is more suitably the province of a woman to do these things, the husband being supposed more profitably employed elsewise.

Every woman should be able to cut and make household linen and garments with economy, neatness and dispatch. She should cut her work, and always have a piece ready for the needle to husband her time, and avoid hurry and confusion; and lastly, my lovely married pair must so manage the needful work of the household, that one hour at least in the twenty-four be devoted to reading and study—good, solid, substantial books, to be read with care, for mutual advancement of thought and solidity of character; poetry and romance also, to elevate and enliven, not forgetting the great storehouse of our spiritual ideas, the Bible.

Human beings have not yet reached any very high degree of perfection; even my handsome pair may fall into error, and then the interference of *outsiders* is very apt to increase the evil; but let them settle the case between themselves, remembering that the greater the fall the greater the need of a dear loving hand to lift us up, and the worse we may become the more shall we need friends; no true wife will turn from the man of her choice in the day of his adversity, nor in the day of his moral darkness; rather will she love him with a deeper, because of a sorrowing tenderness, and she will lead him on, step by step, till he more than recovers the ground he may have lost. —*Herald of Health.*

LINES.

Brush not the floor where my lady hath trod,
Lest one light sign of her foot you mar,
For where she walks, in the Spring, on the sod,
There, I have noticed, most violets are.

Touch not her work, nor her book—nor a thing
That her exquisite finger hath only pressed,
But fan the dust off with a plume that the wing
Of a ring-dove let fall, on his way to his nest.

I think the sun stops, if a moment she stand,
In the morn, sometimes, at her Father's door,
And the brook where she may have dipt her hand
Runs purer to me than it did before.

How I dare to speak to her scarce I can guess,
But the courage comes, for she makes me strong;
What *is* in my heart? is it love? Oh yes—
But a love with worship that knows no wrong.

Under the mail of "*I know me pure,*"
I dare to *dream* of her—and by day,
As oft as I come to her presence, I'm sure
Had I one low thought, she would look it away.

T. W. Parsons.

The Two Dogs.

"Size goes for nothing," said the Terrier, turning up his nose; "so you needn't think yourself any better than I am, just because you're bigger. It's not the room dogs take, but what they do that makes them valuable."

"Quite true, my little friend," answered the Newfoundland Dog, good-naturedly. "Don't excite yourself; it's so bad for the system. Perhaps you'll kindly tell me what you *can* do, for I really don't know."

"Do!" replied the Terrier, delighted at the opportunity of wagging his tongue and his tail over his own exploits; "why, the house wouldn't be safe if it were not for me. Scarcely a night passes that I don't arouse every one in it; and no thief dares come within a mile of the place."

"Then why bark?"

"What use should I be if I *didn't* bark, I should like to know?" and the Terrier glanced superciliously at his companion, quite astounded at the simplicity of the question. "My master would think nothing of me if I didn't call him out of his bed sometimes. If you want to be thought anything of in the world you must bark."

"*I* shouldn't thank you if I were your master. Why call him at all—why not fly at the thief yourself? I beg your pardon, I really forgot what a little fellow you are. Size does go for something, you see, after all."

"Personal remarks are odious," snapped the Terrier; "your breeding, Mr. Newfoundland, is like your coat, a little rough."

"Ah! I dare say. A sleek coat and a brass collar do make a dog a gentleman, I've no doubt. But which talked about size first?"

The Terrier snarled.

"And," continued the Newfoundland, for although the best-natured dog in the world, he could never help teasing the Terrier, "there *is* a little disadvantage in being small. You can be taken up and carried anywhere; and then to have your ears cut must be very trying to a dog with any self-respect."

"It's extremely vulgar and low-bred to wear ears; I wouldn't wear ears on any consideration," protested the Terrier, this being one of his sore points.

"You'll be less of a puppy when you grow older," said the Newfoundland, grinning, "and think more of your ears and less of your appearance. Well, I'm quite contented to leave you the elegancies, but I can't give in about the use: you certainly must grant me the superiority there."

"I shall do no such thing," barked the Terrier; "I'll not yield an inch to any dog, not even if he were twice as big as yourself."

"Then suppose we take a walk this fine morning, and hear what others have to say on the point?" said the Newfoundland; "it would be very amusing, and one is sure to learn something."

"With all the pleasure in life," said the other, trotting off conceitedly by the side of his big companion. "I'm appreciated in these parts, I flatter myself, and it's my impression you *will* learn something, Mr. Newfoundland."

The first animal they came across was the cat.

"Good-morning, Miss Tabby-cat," said the Newfoundland; "this little gentleman and I want to ask you a question. Which of us do you think the most useful?"

Here was a question to be put to a timid cat. Despite her intimacy with both dogs, Miss Tabby, being of a nervous temperament, had never overcome her constitutional aversion to them. If she said the Newfoundland was the most useful, the Terrier would worry her life out; and if she said the Terrier, might not the Newfoundland put an end to her on the spot?

"Really, honored sirs," she answered, trembling in her skin, "you've puzzled me extremely; you are both so celebrated for your shining qualities that it would be hard to answer your question."

"Don't let's have any flattery," said the Newfoundland, laughing.

"Speak the truth, or I'll pull your tail," snapped the Terrier.

At this awful threat the cat stood speechless.

"Come along. Don't you see the poor thing is frightened, and nobody speaks the truth when they are afraid of you. Here's the Horse, I'll ask him;" and the Newfoundland walked on whilst the Terrier gave the cat a parting snarl as she scampered off.

"I hope we're not disturbing you, Mr. Bay-horse, but my friend here and I are out this morning in search of the truth."

"I'm afraid you'll have to go a long way then."

"Well, anyhow we want your opinion. Which of us do you think of the most use?"

"Use!" and here the horse gave a contemptuous snort. "I'd be thankful to any one who would tell me what possible use that little snarling, yelping Terrier is? I shall kick him to Jericho one of these days if he comes barking at my heels every time I go out with my master, and so I tell him."

When the Newfoundland turned round to look for his companion, he saw him skulking off with his tail between his legs; and it was not until they had left the orchard for the lawn that it reappeared in its proper place.

"I wouldn't stop to listen to that horse," said he, looking askant at the other, "he's as ignorant as a blackbeetle. How can you expect truth from any one steeped to his ears in prejudice?"

"And prejudice reaching to his heels, too," laughed the Newfoundland. "But, Mr. Terrier, what *did* you do with your tail? when I looked behind you I couldn't see an inch of it."

"I felt it a little cold, so tucked it up to get warm," answered the Terrier, far too proud to admit of feeling afraid. "Here's my old friend Goody Snail, let's have her opinion. How are you this morning, Mrs. Snail?"

"I am as well as can be expected," said the Snail, in a very thin, slimy voice; "but nobody knows what it is to carry one's house on one's back all day long, except those that have to do it."

"Why not leave it behind you then?" asked the Newfoundland; for, although a very sensible dog, he was profoundly ignorant of natural history, and didn't understand the habits of snails. "I might as well carry about my kennel and then grumble."

"And so you would if you were stuck to it as I am to my house," retorted the Snail, sneering with its horns. "But ignorance and incivility always go together."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure. I meant no offence, Mrs. Snail. Ask her our question," he whispered, giving the Terrier a nudge with his tail. "I didn't mean to make the old thing angry."

"My friend *is* a little rough," said the Terrier, patronizingly; "you mustn't mind him, Mrs. Snail. I want you to tell me which of us you think the most useful."

"If you come to me in a month, I shall have digested the question. I can't do things in a hurry."

"So it seems," said the Newfoundland, walking off.

"I wonder you don't show respect to gray horns," said the Terrier, following, reproachfully. "You have hurt her feelings, I'm sure, by that last speech."

"Then why can't she give a plain answer to a plain question?" answered the Newfoundland. As he spoke they turned the corner of a walk, and came full upon the Peacock, pluming his gorgeous feathers in the sun. "Let's ask King Peacock. It's such fun to hear him talk."

"Would your gracious majesty be condescending enough to tell us which you think is the most useful—I, or the Terrier? You've so many eyes in your tail, surely you must see into everything."

"How can two ugly creatures such as you be of any use at all?" screamed the Peacock, for a scream was his royal mode of speaking. "Look at my dazzling beauty—see my purple and gold. There is no other creature of the slightest use in the world but I, for they are not worth looking at. I pity you; I do indeed."

"You needn't," said the Newfoundland; "for really, if your majesty will pardon me for saying so, we don't envy you. My friend and I are quite contented with our personal appearance, I can assure you. It wouldn't do to have a world full of peacocks, for all their fine feathers. *Your* eyes see nothing but yourself, I find; and *we* prefer to see beyond our own noses."

The next friend they met was the Butterfly. She answered their question with a laugh.

"What's the use of being any use? Why not enjoy oneself and be merry? Life is too short to be useful in;" and away she danced from flower to flower.

"Gentlemen," said the Bee, coming from the bell of a white lily, "what the Butterfly has just said is shocking morality. Pray don't mind her, the frivolous creature! I really didn't mean to listen, but being inside the lily I couldn't help hearing your question."

"Then, perhaps, as you have heard it, Mrs. Bee, you will be so kind as to answer it for us," replied the Newfoundland.

"I am not *Mrs.* Bee," replied she, with great dignity; "I am the little Busy Bee that improves each shining hour. I gather honey all the day—"

"From every open flower," interrupted the Terrier, for although unacquainted with Dr. Watts, he considered himself very poetical, and liked to show his talents.

"No, I was *not* going to say that, Mr. Terrier; but it's quite correct, notwithstanding. I gather honey for the benefit of the human race; that's my proud position. I set an example to them also, and am known as the symbol of industry. Now, if you can tell me what each of you do, I can answer your question in the twinkling of my wing."

"I do a great deal," began the Terrier, pompously. "I guard the house at night; I bark at all the beggars; I am accomplished in a number of tricks; really, if it were not for me my master would have nothing to entertain his company with. I catch rats—in fact, I am invaluable."

"And what do you do, Mr. Newfoundland?" asked the Bee.

"Well, really, I have been puzzling my brains whilst my friend was talking, to know what I *do* do. Not much, I'm afraid. I go out for a walk when I'm wanted; carry my master's stick, or the children's baskets and toys: go into the water when I'm sent—in fact, I do what I'm told."

"And that seems very little. I really think Mr. Terrier is the most useful, although he *is* so small."

Here the Terrier gave a bark of applause.

"I have saved my master's life once when he got out of his depth in the river, and I flew at a man's throat and saved my mistress from being robbed, if that's worth mentioning," added the Newfoundland, modestly.

The Bee clapped her winds in ecstasy.

"Why, you are a perfect hero! Yes, Mr. Terrier, *that's* what I call being useful to the human race. You must give up the Newfoundland; for beyond doubt he is the most useful. *You* couldn't save anyone's life. But I must bid you good morning, and go to my honey-making."

The Terrior hung his head abashed. He had never before heard of the Newfoundland's deeds, and they struck him as being very grand, quite beyond the capacities of a little dog like himself. Perhaps, after all, size *was* something.

The two dogs sat for some time in silence after the Bee's departure: the Terrier too crestfallen, the Newfoundland too meditative, to speak.

"After all," said the latter, at last, "what the Bee said is partly true, but it can't be the whole truth. Jumping into the water is as easy to me as standing on your hind legs is to you; there can be no merit in one more than the other. I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll go and ask the owl; she is the wisest bird in creation, and I'll be bound can tell us."

The Terrier was quite agreeable to this, by no means liking the Bee's decision; so when twilight fell they started off to the barn, where the Owl came every day in the dusk to catch mice. She was perched on its gable-end lost in contemplation, when the Newfoundland barked, "How d'ye do?" to her.

"Bless me, Mr. Newfoundland! how you startle a body!" cried she. "How are you this fine evening?"

"Pretty well, thank you. My friend the Terrier and I have come for the benefit of a little of your wisdom. Which of us do you think is the most useful?"

"Do you *really* want to know?" asked the Owl, looking down at them with a wink; "because so many come to me to hear the truth, and are furious when I tell it to them. The hedge-sparrow flew to me in a violent passion the other day, because the cuckoo had laid an egg in her nest, and when I told her she must grin and bear it, for such was the way of cuckoos, and no one could prevent them, she was ready to peck my eyes out. This is hard, you see, gentlemen, on an Owl that gives wisdom gratis."

"We'll be very grateful, if you'll only tell *us* the truth," barked both the dogs.

"Well, you shall have it. Each of you have separate duties appointed you: he that does his duty best is the most useful of the two;" and the Owl flew away with a grand air of philosophy before the dogs could thank her for her wisdom.

"She's quite right," said the Newfoundland; "and now, Mr. Terrier, I hope you're satisfied."

"Perfectly," said the latter.

It was noticeable that ever after the Terrier was less officious, barked less, and gave the horses' heels a wide berth. The Newfoundland went on much the same as usual, for never having overdone his duty, he couldn't improve in that way, and always having done it, he couldn't do any more.

Eating When Exhausted.

When the strength of nerve power is already worn out, or used up, the digestion of food only makes a fresh demand upon it, and if it be unable to meet the demand, the food is only a burden upon it, producing mischief. Our bodies have been compared to steam engines, the food being the fuel and the steam produced the nerve power. The analogy holds good to a certain extent. If, when the steam is low, because the fire is low, you pile in too fast a quantity of coal, you put out your fire, and if you have depended upon steam power to fan your fires, that is also extinguished.

Beyond this the comparison fails. You may clean out furnaces and begin again, but in the body the consequences of this overloading are dangerous, and sometimes fatal. No cause of cholera is more common than eating freely when exhausted.

The rule should be to rest for a time, and take some simple refreshment, a cup or part of a cup of tea, a little broth, or even a piece of bread, anything simple and in small amount, just to stimulate the stomach slightly, and begin to restore its power. After rest, a moderate quantity will be refreshing.

Never eat a full meal when you are exhausted. Take first a small quantity of anything simple which may be handy, and rest. Then, after a time proper food will be a blessing, not a burden. The fires will burn, the steam will be up, and you can go on your way safely.

It is not amiss in this connection to say that children would avoid many a feverish night, and many an attack of disease, if mothers would follow this rule.

☞ A tavern-keeper in one of the small towns of Wisconsin, employed an honest old German blacksmith to do a certain job, for which he paid the cash at once. Afterward, a neighbor got a similar job done, *on credit*, for a less price. Upon being asked the reason, the blacksmith replied: "You zee, I have zo much sharge on my book, and I zometimes lose em; and zo, ven I have good cash customer, I sharge good price; but ven I puts it on my book, I do not like to sharge zo much; zo, if I never pays em, I no lose zo much."

FANNY'S FIRST GRAY HAIR.

Fanny was thirty, or thereabout;
  Perhaps she might half decline
To own, without a most beautiful pout,
  To a day over twenty-nine.
Fanny was handsome—so, at least,
  Declared that favored glass
Which drank, in silence, that dainty feast,
  Seeing her shadow pass.
Fanny was handsome—so they said,
  Despairing lovers, a score,
Who kissed at the curls of her gipsy head,
  But wished nearer kisses, and more.

Brown-eyed Fanny came to me,
  One day, with fingers two,
Holding some object so carefully
  That its value at once I knew—
Some precious pearl, some diamond rare,
  On her forehead destined to blaze;
Alas!—it was only a single hair
  Held up to my wondering gaze!
A single hair, but its hue, how far
  From her dark curls' glossy shine!
For its white might have gleamed like another star
  In the fading dusk of mine.

"See here!" cried Fanny, "a burning shame
  That work, and worry, and toil,
And striving for wealth, and fashion, and fame,
  And burning the midnight oil—
Have made me gray while only a miss;
  Good looks all taking wing!
Just look at this—don't you see it?—this!—
  The untimely, hateful thing!
What will I do, in a year or two,
  When more of my youth has fled,
And half of my hair has the milk-white hue
  Of this, just dropped from my head!"

"Fanny!" I said—for a quick-shut door,
  And a step, had met my ear—
"Do you really wish to have no more,
  Just yet, of the white hairs, dear?"
"Of course I do!" and the words were quick
  And a little spiteful, I thought.
"Then I'll tell you, girl, an easy trick
  By which the check may be wrought.
If you really wish to look very young,
  I think you will find it best
Not to lay your head too often or long
  On a gray-haired lover's breast!"

Fanny was angry: she flared like fire;
  "What, sirrah!—you do not dare
To hint that this bit of silvery wire
  Is any one else's hair!
I'll never speak to you again!"
  But she flushed such a rosy red!—
And I think that she searched and searched in vain
  For more snow on the gipsy head.
But before a month was gone, somehow
  The first white hair had grown
To some thousands, crowning a manly brow;
  And she called the head "her own!"
—*Northern Monthly.*

A Story of Danish Justice.

The war had broken out between England and France; Bonaparte had broken the treaty of Amiens; all was consternation among the English in India, particularly those who had valuable cargoes at sea, and those who were about to return to their native land. I was one of the latter class; so I joyfully accepted a passage home on board a Dane—Denmark, as yet, remaining neutral in the quarrel.

So far as luxury went, I certainly found her very inferior to the regular Indiamen; but as a sailor, she was far superior, and in point of discipline, her crew was as well-regulated, and as strictly commanded, as the crew of a British man-of-war. In fact, such order, regularity and implicit obedience I could never have believed to exist on board a merchantman.

The chief mate was one of the finest young men I ever saw. He had just been promoted to his present post—not from the mere fact of his being the owner's son, but really from sterling merit. He was beloved by the crew, among whom he had served, as is usual in the Danish service, five years, and was equally popular with his brother officers and the passengers returning to Europe.

The only bad character we had on board was the cook—a swarthy, ill-looking Portuguese, who managed somehow or other daily to cause some disturbance among the seamen. For this he had often been reprimanded, and the evening when this sketch opens he had just been released from irons, into which he had been ordered for four-and-twenty hours by the chief mate, for having attempted to poison a sailor who had offended him. In return for having punished him thus severely, the irritated Portugese swore to revenge himself on the first officer.

The mate, who was called Charles, was walking in the waist with a beautiful young English girl, to whom he was engaged to be married, when suddenly, ere a soul could interpose, or even suspect his design, the cook rushed forward and buried his knife with one plunge into the heart of the unfortunate young man, who fell, without a cry, as the exulting Portuguese burst forth into a demoniac laugh of triumph.

Unconscious of the full extent of her bereavement, the poor girl hung over him; and as a friend, who had rushed forward to support him, drew the knife from his bosom, with an effort the young man turned towards her, gave her a last look of affection, and as the blade left the wound, fell a corpse in the arms of him who held him.

By this time the captain had come on deck. He shed tears like a child, for he loved the young man as his own son. The exasperated crew would instantly have fallen on the assassin, and taken summary vengeance, but were only kept within bounds by their commander's presence. The cook, who appeared to glory in his deed, was instantly seized and confined. The corpse was taken below, while the wretched betrothed was carried in a state of insensibility to her cabin.

Eight bells had struck, the following evening, when I received a summons to attend on deck. I therefore instantly ascended, and found the whole of the crew, dressed in their Sunday clothes, together with all the officers of the ship and the male passengers, assembled. The men off duty were lining either side of the deck; the captain, surrounded by his officers, was standing immediately in front of the poop; and the body of the unfortunate victim lay stretched on a grating—over which the national flag of Denmark had been thrown—immediately in the centre. In an instant I saw that I had been summoned to be present at the funeral of the chief mate, and my heart beat high with grief as I uncovered my head and stepped on the quarter-deck.

It was nearly a dead calm; we had passed the trades, and were fast approaching the line; the sun had begun to decline, but still burnt with a fervent heat; the sails hung listlessly against the masts, and the mainsail was hauled up, in order to allow the breeze, should any rise, to go forward. I had observed all the morning a still more sure indication of our approach to the torrid zone. Through the clear blue water I had remarked a couple of sharks following the vessel, accompanied by their usual companions—the pilot-fish. This the sailors had expected as a matter of course, as they superstitiously believe that these monsters of the deep always attach themselves to a ship in which a dead body lies, anxiously anticipating their dreadful meal. In their appearance, however, I only saw the usual announcement of our vicinity to the line.

In such weather, placed in a ship, which seems to represent the whole world—shut out from all save the little band that encircles us, with the wide and fathomless element around us—the ethereal throne from which God seems to look down upon us; at one moment our voice rising in solemn prayer for one we have loved, and the next, the plash of the divided waters, as they receive in their bosom the creature He has made—all these, at such a moment, make the heart thrill with a deeper awe, a closer fellowship with its Creator than any resident on shore can know—a consciousness of the grandeur of God and the feebleness of man, which those alone can feel who "go down in ships, and see the wonders of the deep."

I took my place with the other passengers. Not a word was spoken, for we all believed we were about to witness the last rites performed over our late friend, and consequently stood in anxious silence; when suddenly a steady tramp was heard, and the larboard watch, with drawn cutlasses, slowly marched down the waist, escorting the murderer, whom they conducted to the side of the corpse; then withdrew a few paces, and formed a line, which completed the hollow square.

We now began to exchange glances. Surely, the assassin had not been brought here to witness the burial of his victim; and yet what else could it be for? Had it been for trial (as we had heard the Danes often proceeded to instant investigation and summary punishment,) we should probably have seen the tackle prepared for hanging the culprit at the yard-arm. This, however, was not the case; and we all, therefore, felt puzzled as to the meaning of the scene.

We were not long kept in doubt. The second mate read from a paper which he held in his hand, the full power delegated to the captain to hold courts-martial, and carry their sentences into effect; the law in similar cases, &c., &c.; and called on the prisoner to know whether he would consent to be tried in the Danish language. To this he sullenly assented, and the court was declared open.

The flag was suddenly withdrawn from the face of the corpse; and even the monster who had struck the blow shuddered as he beheld the calm look of him whom he had stricken.

The trial now proceeded in the most solemn manner. Evidence of the crime was adduced, and the deed clearly brought home to the accused. I confess that my blood turned cold when I saw the knife produced which had been used as the instrument of the murder, and the demon-like smile of the prisoner as he beheld it, stained as it was with the blood of one who had been forced by his duty to punish him.

After a strict investigation, the captain appealed to all present, when the prisoner was unanimously declared guilty.

The officers put on their hats, and the captain proceeded to pass sentence. Great was my surprise (not understanding one word which the commander said) to see the culprit throw himself on his knees and begin to sue for mercy. After the unfeeling and obdurate manner in which he had conducted himself, such an appeal was unaccountable; for it was quite evident he did not fear death, or repent the deed he had committed. What threatened torture could thus bend his hardened spirit I was at a loss to conjecture.

Four men now approached and lifted up the corpse. A similar number seized the prisoner, while ten or twelve others approached with strong cords. In a moment I understood the whole, and could not wonder at the struggles of the murderer, as I saw him lashed back to back, firmly, tightly, without the power to move, to the dead body of his victim. His cries were stopped by a sort of gag, and with the body he was laid on the grating and carried to the gangway. The crew mounted on the nettings and up the shrouds. A few prayers from the Danish burial service were read by a chaplain on board, and the dead and the living, the murderer and his victim, were launched into eternity bound together!

As the dreadful burden separated the clear waters, I caught a glimpse of the living man's eye as he was falling; it haunts me even to this moment; there was more than agony in it!

We paused only for a few moments, and turned away, and sought to forget the stern and awe-inspiring punishment we had seen inflicted.

I was glad when a sudden breeze drove us far away from the tragic scene.

THE MINISTER'S BOOTS.—A Newburg paper says that one minister in that place recently said to another: "I came near selling my boots to-day." The other marvelled, and made the brief but sage remark: "Ah!" Then seeing that further comment was expected, he asked, "How was that?" Then parson No. 1 sprung his trap: "Oh! I had them half soled." Parson No. 2 is not expected to recover.

☞ "Pa," said a little friend of ours, "what's the use of giving our little pigs so much milk? They make hogs of themselves." Pa walked away.

OLD SONGS.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

Sing me sweet songs and old!
  Songs I have known full well
  Yet long ago forgot;
  Songs that shall burst the tomb
  Of many a buried thought
And warm dear memories that have long been cold.
  Sing me sweet songs and old!

Sing me glad songs and gay!
  Songs that once moved to mirth
  A sad desponding heart;
  That bade its morning clouds,
  Its noontide gloom depart,
And turned its night-time to resplendent day!
  Sing me glad songs and gay!

Sing me soft songs and low!
  Songs that have power to loose
  The long-sealed fount of tears:
  And still its limpid depths,
  As in those happier years,
When the refreshing stream was ever fain to flow—
  Sing me soft songs and low!

THE LAST DIVE OF THE NAUTILUS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE QUAKER PARTISANS," &c.

CHAPTER I.

I wonder what made me run away to sea! Why I left a comfortable bed in which I could sleep eight hours at a stretch, if I chose, for a narrow shelf fastened up against the wall, so to speak, out of which I always had to turn and stand my watch, just as I was beginning to dream? Why I gave up sitting in a civilized manner on a chair, at a table with clean cloth, eating beef and mutton and poultry, and potatoes-and-gravy, (I never knew a boy who didn't like potatoes-and-gravy,) and finishing off with a Christian dessert—why I exchanged these for the privilege of sitting on a dirty floor, in a dark little hole, in company with a crowd of other boys and men who always forgot to wash their hands and dress for dinner, around a tub, eating salt junk and "old horse" and munching biscuit rather harder than my teeth, with a tin cup for a plate, an iron spoon for knife and fork, and the sleeve of my red flannel shirt for a napkin; with "plum duff" on Sunday, (while the very cheap raisins held out) and duff without plum once in the week?

Do you know what "duff" is?

You take flour, as much as you want, mix it with water in the coppers, and boil it. That's "duff."

It don't require much science to make it, and it isn't any great things when it *is* made. Simple as it was, however, our cook, who was not a Soyer, contrived to give us some variety in it.

Sometimes it was so thin as to be strongly suggestive of the paste with which I used to make kites at home; then, it would come on the ta— I mean into the "kid," of the consistence of exceedingly stiff dough, and then again of a medium density, say about like mush. At other times it would range through all the degrees of density lying between these two extremes. I don't think we ever had it twice exactly alike. There was one quality, however, in which it was always uniform. It was unvaryingly and persistently *lumpy*.

Thick or thin or mushy, it was always plentifully interspersed with lumps of all sizes, which were constantly surprising us by collapsing as we closed our mouths, filling them with sudden puffs of dry flour, and causing a great deal of spluttering profanity, interjected between the paroxysms of coughing which always followed these little surprises.

It would not be much of a dessert on shore, but here it formed quite an agreeable episode in the monotony of salt junk, fat pork and "slops"—a figurative name for what was intended to represent tea—and I soon got to liking it very well.

I really can't tell, now, what made me run off to sea, unless it was Robinson Crusoe, a condensed edition of whose story, containing his first voyage and shipwreck, with his residence on the island of "Jew-ann Fernandeez," as we used to call it at school, my father had bought for me from an itinerant book peddler.

I think I can date my first longing for the sea from my reading of the story of that delightful old vagabond.

The idea of living "all alone by myself," with no school to go to, no villainous sums to do, no pages to copy for talking in school, (I hate Malte Brun's Geography to this day, for the exercise in writing after school hours which it gave me,) no staying in at noon to study lessons which had been sacrificed to Robinson, nobody to haze me off to bed when I lay down on the sofa, tired and sleepy, and above all—not exactly consistent with being "all alone"—to have a faithful "man Friday," ready to do anything for me when I felt too lazy to do it for myself, took complete possession of me. I had built up a nice little paradise for myself, though I did not realize what a "hard road to travel" there was between it and me.

I suppose there are few men who cannot recall some time or other in their early life when such fancies beset them vigorously, but which gradually died out as they reached manhood.

With me the longing increased as I grew older; not so much the mere desire to be a sailor—though the vague romance attached to that idea, and of coming back from voyages in a red shirt and wide trowsers, and wearing a tarpaulin hat (the last an object of secret ambition at that time) to astonish my less fortunate companions with my rolling gait and unintelligible sea talk had great influence over me—as from a vagrant desire for rambling, for the gratification of which, my worldly wealth being entirely of a prospective character, the sea appeared to be the only available means.

By the time I was sixteen I had fully convinced myself that it was my destiny to become a great traveller. In spite of all my arguments, my father failed to be convinced, and indeed, arrived at the very opposite conclusion, at least in regard to beginning as a sailor. To that proposition he had one concise and pithy answer: "I'd rather see you in your grave!"

I understood the matter better than he did, as all boys of sixteen understand matters and know what is good for them much better than their fathers do; and I thought his conclusion rather dogmatic than argumentative. I think differently now; and if I had a son possessed by the same fancies, I would make him the same answer.

My mother was just as unreasonable upon the subject; I began to consider myself a victim of oppression, and took to reading the Declaration of Independence, comparing myself with the colonies which had so patiently remonstrated and petitioned for their rights for so many years.

So, one fine November morning, I started for school after breakfast, and walked off, with five dollars in my pocket, which I had saved out of my weekly allowance by a long course of self-denial.

Five dollars then seemed a good deal more than it does now, and I had no doubt as to its lasting an indefinite length of time, an illusion which I have since frequently had dispelled with extreme and most embarrassing rapidity.

I trudged along the road, however, whistling faintly, for there was a kind of sinking of heart which seemed to draw back the breath, resting in the shade during the hottest part of the day, and by evening had reached the city whence I expected to start on my travels.

It was too late to do anything that day, as it was almost dark when I reached the wharf, and it was necessary to look out for lodgings. I had friends in the city, but as you may suppose, did not let them see me. To have told them my errand would have brought my voyage to a very sudden termination.

So, partly for this reason and partly from a desire to see the kind of people I was going among, I stopped at a sailors' boarding house near the river, and entered and asked for lodging for the night.

The person whom I addressed was a stout, comfortable-looking woman, probably thirty-five years old, standing within a kind of little bar.

She looked hard at me for a moment, and then said, "Yes, sonny, I s'pose so; but," lowering her voice, "what brings you here? You don't look like the kind of craft that belongs to these waters."

"I'm going to be a sailor," said I, blushing.

"Sailor!" said one of several men who were sitting around a large open stove at one side of the room; "a bully sailor you'll make, with them white gal's paws o' yourn," he added, squirting a prodigious stream of tobacco juice into the fire; "fit for nothin' but washin' dishes in the caboose."

I felt insulted, the more so as there was a good deal of truth in what he said; but I answered as politely as possible, "I hope, sir, I'll make 'em fit for something else before long."

The fellow stared at my respectful address, and rising from the bench where he was sitting, took off his tarpaulin, and straddling his legs apart to balance himself, made a grotesque bow, bending his head so low that his thick, stubby queue stuck up perpendicularly in the air.

"Would your honor allow me to look at your honor's hand?" said he with mock civility.

I held out my right hand; he seized it in his own huge knobby paw, and gradually compressed it, till my teeth fairly chattered with the pain, and the hand felt as if all its fingers had been squeezed into one. I bore it, however, without cringing, for I was provoked at this brutal attack by a strong grown man upon a boy, and determined that he should not see me wince or complain, if he cracked every bone in the hand.

When he loosed me, I let the hand drop by my side and said steadily, "Are you satisfied now?"

"No!" said he, "gi' me 'tother," stretching out his own hand to seize it.

"No, I won't," said I, drawing it back; "if you want to show off your strength on a boy, you've done it enough already. I don't choose to have my hands crushed without some better reason for it."

Perhaps I should not have been quite so plucky if I had not seen, with a boy's quick perception, by the countenances of the other men and by a sudden movement of the landlady, as if to interfere, that they were on my side.

"I say, yer honor," said the fellow, making a step towards me, "'taint perlite for little boys to be sassy, an' I'll have to wallop ye into good manners."

"After you've lamed his best hand for him, you cowardly lubber!" said another of the men, rising from his seat at the other side of the fire-place, and stepping between us; "if ye want to wallop anybody, here's a chance for ye."

My new friend was, physically, one of the most splendid men I ever saw; over six feet high, straight as an arrow, broad, muscular, and with a chest like a barrel; without an ounce of superfluous flesh about him, he could not have weighed less than two hundred and twenty or thirty pounds.

There was something about his face, both in features and expression, which indicated a character of higher grade than that of the men around him, though they all appeared to be well acquainted with him. The face was a rugged enough one in its lines, but he had a magnificent Roman nose, one of those which show the frame-work of bone beneath, and not one of the miscalled ones which look like rolls of gristle stuck on the face; a firm, square mouth, and broad, well opened eyes, which, as he looked steadily at my tormentor, showed a world of calm determination.

"I say, Bill Skinner," said he, "if you want to wallop anybody, try your hand on me; you've abused that boy enough, and if you lay hand on him again, I'll lay *you* forean'-aft the back log there."

Skinner gave vent to divers strange oaths, and expressed various wishes as to the disposition of his "timbers" and "top-lights," which I did not understand, but could only suppose to mean something terrible, "if he wasn't as good a man as Jack Carson any day in the week."

To which Carson replied calmly—he never swore, even at sea, and was too brave to bluster, as I afterwards discovered—

"If you want to try it, lay hands on the boy again."

Skinner looked around at the faces of the other men; it was clear that he would get no help from them, if it came to a fight; it was quite as clear that he would need it; so, dashing his tarpaulin upon the back of his head, he swaggered out of the room, growling.

"Now, sonny," said Carson—"but what's your name?"

"William Coleman," said I; "but first, I have to thank you for saving me from that brutal scoundrel. I hope there ain't many sailors like him."

"Sailors!" said Carson," he's no sailor; he's nothing but a bloody wharf-rat. But you'd better keep a good look-out and give him a wide berth, for he's just the lubber to half murder you, if he catches you where there's nobody as big as himself to stop him."

Carson then made me sit down by him and tell him my plans. This was soon done. I wanted to see the world, and the sea appeared to be the only means.

"Now, see here, youngster," said Carson, "I want to tell you something; I s'pose you've been as big a fool, and as often, as any other boy; but, just remember what I tell you; you won't believe it now, but you will sometime or other, if you live; the daftest thing you ever did in your life, was Solomon's wisdom to what you've done this day. If you want my advice, it is, to go back to-morrow morning, tell your mother what a fool you've been, and stay home where you can live a man's life and not a dog's!"

"I can't go back," said I; "I've started now, and I'll go through, whatever comes of it. I mean to go to sea, if I can get any captain to take me. I'd like to go in the same vessel with you, if you're going, for you've been kind to me, and I want a friend to teach me and see that I get fair play."

"You'll need it, Billy," said he, significantly; "but, about going with me, I don't know; I'd like to have you, for you've shown yourself a plucky chap; and I think, with somebody to look after you a little at first, you'll get along. Where do you want to sail for?"

"I don't care where," said I, "east, west, north, or south, so as I go. If I made any choice, it would be to go to India."

"The long voyage first; well, if you *will* go, that's the best thing you can do; and I can help you in that, too. I'm first mate of the Indiaman that's lying out in the harbor, and I can get you a berth in her."

Here was the very thing I had been wishing for. I went to bed to dream—not of the voyage, nor the ship, nor the new life on which I was about to enter—but, away beyond that, of elephants and tigers, jungles and pagodas, brahmins, cars of Juggernaut, monkeys, and suttees, and all the wonders of that wonderful "morning land," which waltzed around and chased each other through my brain, 'till morning.

After breakfast, Carson took me to the shipping office where I signed the articles, and was thereby, I supposed, transformed into a sailor.

He also procured my outfit, which he paid for out of an advance of my prospective wages, and before dark we were on board.

About midnight we hove up the anchor, the great sails were loosed, and, amid all the bustle proper to such occasions, we got under way and stood out to sea. The watches had not been set, and Carson kindly disposed of me in the best possible manner for myself, and the ship too, I presume, by sending me below out of the way, where I slept till daylight.

When I got on deck we had sunk the land, and seemed to me to be sailing in the middle of a huge circular mill dam, over the edges of which I could imagine the water was pouring away down, somewhere or other, I could form no idea where. I had other ideas mixed up with this; of rocky caves, far down in the cool blue water, festooned with trailing sea weed; of sleepless, savage-eyed sharks hovering around the ship, waiting for boys to tumble overboard; and curiously enough, blended with the mill dam idea in my mind, was the feeling of limitless space, as I looked around me over the vast stretch of sky and water.

CHAPTER II.

I was sea sick! Ugh! but I was sick. I was leaning, or rather lying doubled up in an extremely limber condition, with my head hanging out of one of the lesports—for we carried a few guns—mentally calculating how many more heaves it would take to turn me inside out, when I heard a step near me, and then Carson's voice—

"Well, Billy, how do you like the sea by this time?"

I drew my head in and looked up. The man was actually laughing! I had been pitying myself so excessively, that this unfeeling conduct, as I thought it, in the only man to whom I looked for sympathy, put me in a rage, and feeling utterly reckless of everything, I should probably have given him an answer that would have got me into trouble, if a lurch of the vessel, at the moment, had not sent my head out through the port hole again with a fresh tribute to the demon that had grappled me. I changed my tune:

"Oh, dear! Mr. Carson, I can't stand this; won't you please shove me overboard and put me out of my misery?"

He laughed again. He didn't pity me a bit!

"Come, come, Billy," said he, "this'll never do; you're no worse than anybody else is on his first voyage," and he helped me to my feet kindly enough.

"Now," said he, "we'll go and see the doctor and get some physic for you."

I staggered along as well as I could, for, as may be supposed, my "sea legs" were as yet in an undeveloped state, listlessly picturing to myself two ounce vials full of nasty medicines such as I had been used to at home. I was as much astonished as I was capable of being in my wilted condition, when, instead of going below to the surgeon, having him feel my pulse and tell me to stick out my tongue, as our nice family physician at home used to do, we stopped at the caboose, at the door of which stood a plump, oily-looking negro, looking at me with a broad grin.

Really, thought I, "sea-sickness seems to be a very funny thing when you haven't got

it yourself. I wonder what he's brought me to the cook for, I don't want anything to eat," the idea almost upset me again.

"Here, doctor," said Carson, "here's a sick man to be cured. Can you do anything for him?"

"Ki! Mars' Carson," said the doctor, "reckon I'se got up wuss cases 'n Billy; look hyar, honey, 'jis you take dis," handing me a long, thin strip of pork fat; "tie a bit o' twine to 'um and den swaller 'um, on'y don' lef de twine go; den pull 'um up agin, an' den swaller 'um down an' pull 'um up agin, two, tree time till you pump up all de 'long shore swash out yer coppers, an' den come to me, an' I'll gib you a nice bit o' junk an' a biscuit to chawr, an' by tê-morrow you'll be as hearty as a buck."

Here was a prospect for a boy whose fastidious palate had never oven learned the taste of fat.

I had, in a theoretical way, calculated that I must get over divers fancies about eating when I went to sea, but I had trusted to finding myself somehow "got over" them when the time came, without any clear ideas about the previous training necessary, and certainly without any premonition of this very original way of bracing up a qualmish stomach.

I afterwards tried the remedy as prescribed with sufficient success; but now I looked up at Carson pitifully.

"You'd better take his advice, Billy," said he, laughing again.

"But I thought we were going to the doctor," said I.

"Laws, honey," said the cook, "so you is, I'se de doctor."

Here was one piece of sea slang learned at any rate. The ship's cook was called the doctor. It was not long before I found that this was only the beginning of an extensive and very uncouth vocabulary which I had to master.

I had been reading sea stories nearly all my life, and I thought myself pretty well posted up in such matters; and so I was, respecting the spars and standing rigging, and to some extent the principal running rigging also. But I soon found that there were plenty of smaller ropes and spars of whose use I could form no idea at first—numberless knots with incomprehensible names and of exasperating intricacy—and moreover, the mate's orders were always shouted in such an unintelligible roar, that it was a good while before I could make out what any of them meant.

When the watches were set, I had been taken into the larboard watch, which is the first mate's, and very glad I was that I was directly under his command and not under that of the second mate, who was a thorough brute, though a first-rate sailor.

Day after day passed on with but little variety. I went through the usual haps and mishaps of a boy's first voyage; perhaps I got along better than some have done, as Carson, who had purposely taken me into his own watch, took a good deal of pains with me, and what was of quite as much importance to me, stood between me and the rough practical jokes which some of the men attempted to play off upon me. He did not allow me to depend upon him, however, in a way to make a baby of me.

"I'll tell you what, Billy," he said to me one day, "you must stand up for yourself; I'll see that you have fair play and that nobody abuses you, but beyond that you must take care of yourself; if the men get an idea that I'm showing you any favor, you'll have a hard time of it, and I'll get into trouble with the skipper besides. If anybody tries to impose upon you, strike out for yourself; if anybody plays a trick on you, take it as a joke and pay him off the first chance you can get. I'll see that you have fair play."

This was good advice, according to the ways of the world, and I took it. It was not exactly according to the highest code of morals, but I never yet saw the crew of sailors who could be made to understand the moral law as regards the patient endurance and forgiveness of injuries, and an appreciation of the beauty of forbearance on the part of the injured party is a faculty in which they do not abound.

Right or wrong, I did not practice this forbearance at any rate; and I had no opportunity of showing forgiveness of injuries, for nobody ever asked it of me.

So I stood my ground, giving blow for blow, hard word for hard word, and any practical joke I generally contrived to repay with heavy interest.

I had made myself tolerably perfect in my duty by the time we reached the line, and young and slight as I was, Carson even allowed me to take my tricks at the wheel in calm weather. Light, active and strong, I never allowed any of the boys to pass me to my station on the main royal yard; never, after the first time, reached the top through "lubber's hole," and usually reached the deck from my lofty perch by a short cut down the backstay; always sprang at the order, whatever it might be, till even the surly second mate, who had no love for boys, on board ship at least, condescended to tell Carson that his "cub" had the right stuff in him after all, and might make a sailor yet if enough pains were taken with him.

I had obtained some knowledge of navigation before leaving school, and with some little instruction from Carson, I was soon able to make out the day's reckoning so correctly that the captain generally employed me to do it for him, more to his satisfaction than mine, as I did not find that my wages were increased by this extra work.

In fact, I soon discovered that Captain Lawton was a better sailor than navigator. He had begun his career as a boy before the mast like myself, but without the advantage, which I possessed, of a previous good education; he had gradually worked his way up to his present position by the sheer force of good practical seamanship, acquiring by the way just enough knowledge of navigation (which can't be acquired in six lessons, lying posters to the contrary notwithstanding.) to carry his ship from port to port without getting very far out of his reckoning.

But so far as working his ship was concerned, in fair weather or foul, in all that pertained to a sailor's duty, no better seaman ever trod plank. He was a little, wiry, pock-marked man, with a mild voice when in conversation, but which, when excited, he could use with marvellous power, as I afterwards found, when I heard him yelling his orders, clear and high above the roar of the wildest hurricane I ever saw, and about which I'm just going to tell you.

It struck us off the Cape of Good Hope (the "Cabo Tormentoso" of the old Portuguese navigators). After leaving St. Helena, where we had put in for fresh water, we had beaten down the African coast against the steady Southwest Monsoon, till we came in sight of this ironically named Cape of Good Hope, which is just one of the ugliest corners I ever attempted to turn, except perhaps Cape Horn, of which in later years I had a taste in the dead of winter.

I was at the mast head when the land-cloud came into view, followed shortly by a faint, irregular looking mass of what looked like a darker cloud hanging on the water's edge.

I shouted "Land ho?" bringing all hands on deck.

The next moment I saw Carson springing up the rigging.

"Whereaway, Billy?" said he as he reached the main cross trees beside me.

I pointed to the cloud.

He looked at it long and earnestly without speaking.

"Isn't it land, Mr. Carson?" said I, for I began to fear that I had made a greenhorn's blunder.

"Yes," said Carson, "it's land; no mistake about it. It's that bloody cape, and we stand a chance of having some ugly work before we get 'round it."

"Why so?" said I; "there's not a cloud to be seen, except the land-cloud yonder, and it looks as little like rough weather as I ever saw it."

"You'll see, my boy," said Carson; "it didn't get its name of Stormy Cape for nothing."

I did see, in a few hours afterwards, with a vengeance. In a couple of hours more the broken peaks of the cape, and the Table Mountain with its top cut square off, as if to make a dancing floor for all the giants that ever lived, were visible from the deck.

I had been relieved from my lookout, and was standing on the heel of the bowsprit watching the curious table, when the "doctor"* (his name was supposed to be Heliogabalus, but it had been razeed by the crew into "Gabble") came up to me and said—

"Look hyar, honey"—he was always very mellifluous in his talk—"do you see de ole table dar? Dey's a-gittin' de table clof on 'um, an' sich a supper as we's a-gwine to git dis yer blessed night—ki!"

"What do you mean, doctor?" said I; "is there going to be a gale? I don't see any signs of wind."

"Don't ye, honey? Well, jis look dar at de top o' dat hill wid him's head cut off, an' tell me what ye sees."

I looked again at the mountain, and saw that the top had already disappeared in a dense rolling mist that was gradually creeping down its side. I said so.

"Well," said Gabble, "I'se been 'roun' dis yer cape afore, an' I knows what dat means. Dey're unfoldin' de table clof an' gittin' de dishes ready; as soon's ever de clof gits down to de bottom o' de table de supper 'll be ready, an' den look out!"

It was now drawing near dark; the heavy mist was steadily rolling down the mountain, and puffs of wind began to come irregularly from the land; all the light sails were taken in, the courses furled, and the ship crept along under close reefed topsails, foretopmast-staysail and spanker; two of the best hands in the ship were stationed at the wheel, and we waited for the fight to begin.

We did not wait very long. The blasts from the land increased in frequency and strength, raising a heavy pitching sea. Then came a lull, during which we rolled heavily and almost helplessly on the swell.

It cost us an anxious ten minutes, as we did not know but we might be taken aback; for the ship had lost steerage way, and was swinging back and forth on the short chopping seas, now with her head, now with her stern, now with her broadside to the land.

By this time it was dark; the sky was a mass of black clouds, and not a glimpse of shore or mountain could be seen.

We waited anxiously enough. Suddenly Carson, who was standing beside me, said, in a low voice, "There it comes!"

I looked out over the black tumbling water, and saw what appeared to be a belt of misty white moving with tremendous speed over the waves directly towards us. It was the foam belt, tearing along in advance of the hurricane; and the ship was rolling head on to it with the yards squared, and the sails hanging loose against the masts.

It was going to take us aback, that was clear; but Captain Lawton was ready; at the instant Carson spoke to me, I heard a voice away aft in the darkness, yelling, "Starboard there! starboard ha-a-a-r-d! Haul on the larboard fore braces! Haul round main and mizzen starboard braces and let the sails shiver! Ease off that boom sheet!"

The men sprang to the braces like cats, and in less time than it has taken me to write it, the close-reefed foretopsail was braced round so as to receive the first shock of the gale at a considerable angle to its surface, while the main and mizzen topsails were braced sharp in the opposite direction so as to present little more than their edges to the wind when the ship should turn upon her heel backwards.

Promptly as it was done, it was not one moment too soon, for the gale struck us at the instant.

Down went the ship under the blow, careening over until the water flew up in streams through the ice scuppers, and the white seething foam glanced along the edge of the rail.

It was impossible to stand without holding on to something, for the deck was slanting at an angle of I don't know how many degrees.

The wind was howling, wailing and shrieking as it cut through the rigging, as if all the steam-whistles in the world had broken loose together, and were sounding an infernal jubilee at their escape.

The thunder was sounding overhead; not rolling and grumbling, with now and then a clap, but with a continuous tearing crash without lull or cessation; the sky was in a quivering blaze as the lightning played over it unceasingly, and the sea all around beaten down flat by the wind was white with foam.

*The black cook; always designated thus on merchant ships.

We lay thus for one moment touch and go. Then yielding to the pressure on the foretopsail, the ship whirled on her heel, spun around backwards, burying her stern until the foam leapt over the taffrail, her head fell off and she righted.

"Hard up! Square away the yards! Cheerily, men, cheerily!" and around went the sails, presenting their surfaces in the right direction, square to the wind, and the next moment away went all three, close-reefed though they were, out of the bolt ropes, one after the other, each bidding us good-bye with a crack like that of a small cannon.

"There go three as good pieces of duck as were ever bent on yard," said Carson, who was close beside me; "well, it was them or the masts."

"What are we going to do now?" I shouted in his ear.

"Scud, I reckon," he answered; "I know *I* would; but the skipper has the deck to-night, and he's such a dare-devil there's no knowing what he'll try."

Captain Lawton, however, bold as he was, had the merit of knowing when he was beaten. He made no attempt to hold his way against the gale, but ordered the helm eased down, and we fairly turned tail and ran for it.

It was impossible to go aloft. Some of the most active and strongest hands in the ship had tried to reach the fore yard in order to let fall the course; but the moment they were fairly on the shrouds, they found just as much as they could do lying flat against them and holding on with hands and feet to avoid being blown away.

With no head sail to steady her, for the foretopmast staysail was by this time in ribbons, the ship steered as wild as a runaway horse.

The wheel, now with four men at it, was whirling like a spinning wheel, and the old fashioned heavy tiller swept back and forth across the deck like a giant pendulum.

An attempt had been made to get up a tarpaulin forward, in order to steady the ship, but unsuccessfully. Small as it was, it broke away from its fastenings in an instant.

Captain Lawton was a man of expedients. He ordered all hands forward, directing us to stand upon the break of the forecastle, stretching across from side to side, standing together as closely as possible with arms interlocked, thus forming a solid mass of bodies three deep for the wind to pour its force upon.

Small as the obstacle was comparatively, the tremendous force of the wind caused sufficient drag upon it to steady the ship in some degree, and we drove along under this novel head sail with much less yawing than before, greatly to the relief of the men at the wheel, who, I suspect, had now much less trouble in keeping their feet than we had.

We were just beginning to feel as comfortable as circumstances would admit of, when—it rained. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Preservation of Leather.

A contributor to the Shoe and Leather Reporter gives some valuable hints in relation to the preservation of leather. The extreme heat to which most men and women expose boots and shoes during winter deprives leather of its vitality, rendering it liable to break and crack. Patent leather particularly is often destroyed in this manner. When leather becomes so warm as to give off the smell of leather, it is singed. Next to the singeing caused by fire heat is the heat and dampness caused by the covering of rubber. Close rubber shoes destroy the life of leather.

The practice of washing harness in warm water and with soap is very damaging. If a coat of oil is put on immediately after washing, the damage is repaired. No harness is ever so soiled that a damp sponge will not remove the dirt; but, even when the sponge is applied, it is always useful to add a slight coat of oil by the use of another sponge.

All varnishes and all blacking containing the properties of varnish should be avoided. Ignorant and indolent hostlers are apt to use such substances on their harness as will give the most immediate effect, and these, as a general thing, are most destructive to the leather.

When harness loses its lustre and turns brown, which almost any leather will do after long exposure to the air, the harness should be given a new coat of grain black. Before using this grain black, the grain surface should be thoroughly washed with potash water until all the grease is killed, and after the application of the grain black, oil and tallow should be applied to the surface. This will not only fasten "the color," but make the leather flexible. Harness which is grained can be cleaned with kerosene or spirits of turpentine, and no harm will result if the parts affected are washed and oiled immediately afterward.

Shoe leather is generally abused. Persons know little and care less about the kind of materials used than they do about the polish produced. Vitriol blacking is used until every particle of oil in the leather is destroyed. To remedy this abuse the leather should be washed once a month with warm water, and when about half dry a coat of oil and tallow should be applied, and the boots set aside for a day or two. This will renew the elasticity and life in the leather, and when thus used, upper leather will seldom crack or break.

Band leather is not generally properly used. When oil is applied to belting dry it does not spread uniformly, and does not incorporate itself with the fibre, as when dampened with water. The best way to oil a belt is to take it from the pulleys and immerse it in a warm solution of tallow and oil. After allowing it to remain a few moments the belt should be immersed in water heated to one hundred degrees, and instantly removed. This will drive the oil and tallow all in, and at the same time properly temper the leather.

☞ A facetious doctor having been asked how to commemorate the discoverer of ether, replied: "Very simple. One pedestal! Two statues! Morton here! Jackson there! Underneath the simple inscription, "To Ether."

☞ In a game of cards a good deal depends on good playing, and good playing depends on a good deal.

☞ There is no dungeon so dark and dismal as the mean man's mind.

SCIENTIFIC WONDER.

Anatomical Preservation by M. Marini, the Great Italian Experimentalist.

A few words have already been said in the series of the *Journal de Words* of the 21st of November, 1864, volume VI., page 505, about the admirable anatomical preparation of M. Ephysio Marini, of Cayhari, Sardinia. The incomparable embalmer has made an immense discovery, of which he keeps the secret, but which he will reveal when the moment shall have come. He preserves, momifies or petrifies at his will the bodies or portions of bodies and all the solids or the liquids of the living organism, the flesh, the blood, the whole brains, the bile, etc., etc.; besides, so long as the desiccation is not absolute, he restores at will to the bodies or the momified members their volume and their natural forms, outside or inside, in such a way that an arm, for instance, the flesh, the muscles, the tendons, the nerves, the arteries, the veins, resume entirely the aspect and the transparency which they had in a sound body a few hours before death.

Since his departure from Paris, Mr. Marini has so admirably perfected in his incomparable art, that they saw him at Cayhari, in February, 1865, preserve so perfectly the body of a celebrated historian, Mr. Pierre Martini, that four months after his death, thanks to the revivifying liquid whose action is so extraordinary, they had been able to restore to his members all their suppleness, to dress him, to seat him in his arm-chair and take his photograph, which we have under our eyes in writing this, and which would be thought to be of a living man.

On his return to Paris, at the beginning of last December, our friend asked of his Majesty the Emperor of the French an audience, which was granted to him last Saturday, and which overwhelmed him with joy. His Majesty has for a long time considered and admired the marvels of the new art. A fragment of the arm of an Egyptian mummy, to which Mr. Marini has restored, after five thousand years, perhaps, if not its color, at least its suppleness and its appearance of a human member; an arm which Dr. Sapey had sealed with his own seal in 1864, and which a hundred times had been dried, and a hundred times softened, keeps all the appearances of a living arm; the whole body of a dried up rabbit, but which, through its substance, has remained transparent, lets visible the most intimate details of its organization; in short, a table of lugubrious aspect, but a true prodigy, which will soon be the most precious ornament of one of our museums—a strange mosaic, formed of brains, blood, and petrified bile, in which are encased four human ears, and upon which the foot of a young woman arises with a complete preservation of its color and transparency. Science and art here put nature in so new and so pure a light that all feeling of horror had disappeared in order to give place in the highly elevated mind of Napoleon III. to admiration only. That admiration must have been exempt from all after thought, for, after having left the palace of the Tuileries, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Marini was recalled at 9 o'clock in the evening, in order to render her Majesty the Empress a witness of the half triumph which he had conquered over death.

Soft Words and Hard Deeds Not Plain to Reconcile.

"I hope I don't disturb you, ladies and gentlemen," said a powerful young Horse, galloping at the top of his speed through the meadow, and scaring all the sheep into a corner.

"I hope I don't disturb you, friends," he cried again, as he coursed all round, and hunted them from their rest in his wild pastime.

"I trust I don't disturb you, dears," he shouted, as he sent them flying a third time from the terrors of his reckless racing.

"What does he mean by his 'hopes,' and his 'trusts,' and his 'friends,' and his 'dears?'" said an old sheep, when they had huddled together in the ditch to be safe out of his way; "he might content himself with frightening us out of our wits without insulting us with his impertinent falsehoods."

POSIES FOR WEDDING RINGS.

Thou hast my heart till death us part.
Let us agree.
I have obtained what God ordained.
My love is true to none but you.
As sure to thee, as death to me.
Death only parts united hearts.
As true to thee, as thou to me.
Where hearts agree there God will be.
The gift is small, but love is all.
In God and thee, my joy shall be.
God did decree our unitie.
Endless my love, as this shall prove.
Happy in thee hath God made me.
God alone made us two one.

☞ Lending Money.—In order to make an enemy, lend a man a small sum of money for a day. Call upon him in a week for it. Wait two months. In three months insist upon his paying you. He will get angry, denounce you, and ever after speak of you in abusive terms. We have seen this experiment tried repeatedly, and never know it to fail.

☞ A few days since there were several persons in a house where there was a young child, some two or three days old—among them a bright-eyed boy of four summers. When the grandmother soon after came in, with the babe in her arms, he was much pleased with it, kissed it, and evinced every symptom of delight; asked his aunt where she got it, and was told she bought it of Dr. Adams; then asked how much she gave for it. She told him ten dollars. He then stood by her lap, on which the child was lying a sleep, his eyes beaming with intense satisfaction. The babe soon awoke and squalled vociferously. Instantly his countenance fell; and with almost disgust pictured on his beautiful face, he turned around and said: "Aunty, if I was you, I'd take it back to Dr. Adams and get my ten dollars!"

☞ One of Napoleon's old sailors in Paris, a survivor of the crew of the Scipion, blown up in 1793, has been in the Hotel of Invalids since 1806. He lost both his legs on that occasion, and has contrived to live without them seventy-five years. He is now ninety-two, and still hale and hearty.

Indolent Girls.

It is a well known fact that lazy girls usually make lazy women. Sometimes they change about, but not often. A young man may well think twice before he commits his fortune and future prospects into the hands of such a wife. It needs a gold mine or a two hundred barrel oil well to support the extravagance of a lazy wife, and when the mine or the well is exhausted, then life-long discontent and misery. Though the man's income may be ever so great, there is still need of industry in the house mother. Great possessions bring great cares with them. Let no one fancy that in a house with four servants the mistress would have nothing to do. As a general thing, "Poor Richard's" maxim holds good: "If you wish to be well waited upon, wait on yourself; if you wish to be tolerably well waited upon, get one to help you; if you wish not to be waited on at all, get two to help you."

An indolent girl or woman is almost sure to be a peevish, fretful one, she has nothing to do but to brood over her cares and worries, until they become mountains. Her cheeks grow sallow, and her system is all enfeebled for the want of wholesome out-door air and vigorous exercise.

Young ladies, if you wish to be beautiful in mind and complexion, rise early. Do not let your mother get breakfast alone, and call you down to eat it. She has done her share of such work, and it is fairly your turn now. Step about briskly, toss up the beds, throw open the shutters and windows, and let the fresh morning air come in while you sweep out the chambers and thoroughly dust every nook and corner. Do not leave the feeding of your poultry to Bridget's careless hands, but do it yourself judiciously, and the difference in the proceeds will buy you many a pretty ribbon or new dress which you covet. If you have time for it, an hour in the garden, weeding beds or training plants, will help still further to bring the roses to your cheeks and the dimes into the family treasury.

Our American girls do so little out-door work, that it is looked upon as almost unwomanly to be seen in the garden at anything more laborious than picking a bowl of strawberries. But in foreign countries, (which we try so hard to imitate in matters of dress and architecture,) it is considered a graceful accomplishment. Even the head of the English nation, it is said, can handle a garden trowel, or train and trim a rosebush, in the most approved manner. Her children have their gardens at their summer residence, with a separate set of tools for each, and their respective places for keeping them, when they are through with their morning exercise. A servant does not go about after them to pick up the tools and put them away, but each is required to put up her own. It would be well for some American princes to be under the same system of government for a time.

Let a young man observe carefully a young lady's deportment at home before he asks her to become his wife. Is she kind and industrious; does she seek to lighten the cares of a weary mother; and do the little brothers and sisters run to her with confidence and affection in all their little troubles and sorrows. Then, no doubt, she is a prize worth seeking. But if the opposite is true, then beware about trusting her with your house and happiness. "A man must ask his wife's leave whether he shall thrive or not," and a household with an indolent woman at the head, never can be a happy or prosperous one.—*Country Gentleman.*

Why Men Go West.

It may, or it may not be that most of our young men, in going to the Far West, are actuated by a laudable spirit of enterprise and a desire to extend the humanizing influences of civilization, but we fear this is not always the case. Occasionally an example comes to light that discloses a different impulse. For instance: in the summer of 1865, four young gentlemen met for the first time in Omaha City, and purchased a team to cross the Plains. After having travelled a hundred and fifty miles west of the Missouri River, one of the party thus addressed his companions: "Boys, we are now safe from officers and the laws; let all of us come out, tell what our real names are, and *what we ran away for!*" Particulars of colloquy not given.

☞ Rhode Island Divorces.—The Tribune, published in Chicago, a city where divorces are almost as much a matter of course as babies and other family blessings, has the sublime effrontery to say that "in the matter of divorces, Rhode Island can beat the world." To fortify his reproachful remark, says the Providence Journal, this reckless editor goes on to say that the petitions of thirty-eight wives were heard in our Supreme Court on the 2d inst.; but he neglects to state the further significant fact, that the ground of application in a majority of the cases was, that the delinquent husband had *gone to Chicago.*

☞ Literary men and book buyers will appreciate a work Mr. Howard Challen, of Philadelphia, has in preparation and will soon publish, viz.: A Classified Circular of the Trade Lists of leading publishers of literary works, with an alphabetical index, so any one can determine the price of any book, referring to Belle Lettres or Fiction. Also valuable information respecting books, literary reviews, magazines and newspapers.

☞ An ambitious fellow in Connecticut appeals, over his own signature: "Too thee michannicks and laburing men of my native town. I will reprizent you in the Stait assemblee irrispectif of pollyticks, relijion or eddicashun." He has plenty of competitors of the same stripe already, and the indications are that he will soon have more.

☞ Pretty girl to Charles—"Charley, how far is it round the world? Isn't it twenty-four thousan—" Charles (who adores pretty girls and puts both arms around her) —"That's all a mistake, my love; it is only about twenty-four inches." She was all the world to him. "Dear Charley."

☞ An exchange says that the end of good investments is the divid-end.

☞ When a man and woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is which is *the one?* Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled.

THE BURIED CITY.

BY A RECENT VISITOR TO IT.

I always had an idea that you went down into Pompeii with torches, by the way of damp, dark steps, just as you do in silver mines, and traversed gloomy tunnels with lava overhead, and something on either hand like dilapidated prisons, gouged out of the solid earth, that faintly resembled houses. But you do nothing of the kind. Fully one-half of the buried city, perhaps, is completely exhumed and thrown open freely to the light of day; and there stand the long rows of solidly-built brick houses (roofless) just as they stood eighteen hundred years ago, hot with the flaming sun; and there lie their floors, clean swept, and not a bright fragment tarnished or wanting of the laborod mosaics that pictured them with the beasts, and birds, and flowers, which we copy in perishable carpets to-day. There are the Venuses, and Bacchuses, and Adonises, in many-hued frescoes on the walls of saloon and bedchamber. There are the narrow streets, deeply rutted with the chariot-wheels of the Pompeiians of bygone centuries; and there are the bakers' shops, the temples, the halls of justice, the baths, the theatres—all clean-scraped and neat, and suggesting nothing of the nature of a silver mine away down in the bowels of the earth.

The sun shines as brightly down on old Pompeii to-day, as it did when our Saviour was born in Bethlehem, and its streets are cleaner a hundred times than ever Pompeiian saw them in her prime. I know whereof I speak—for in the great chief thoroughfare, (Merchant street and the street of Fortune,) have I not seen with my own eyes how for two hundred years at least the pavements were not repaired? How ruts five, and even ten inches deep were worn into the thick flagstones by the chariot-wheels of generations of swindled tax-payers? And don't I know by these signs that the Street Commissioners of Pompeii never attended to their business, and that if they never mended the pavements, they never cleaned them? I speak with feeling on this subject, because I caught my foot in one of those ruts, and the sadness that came over me when I saw the first skeleton, with ashes and lava sticking to it, was tempered by the reflection that maybe that party was the Street Commissioner.

No; Pompeii is no longer a buried city. It is a city of hundreds and hundreds of roofless houses, and a tangled maze of streets, where one could easily get lost without a guide, and have to sleep in some ghostly palace that had known no living tenants since that awful November night of eighteen centuries ago.

Colored Stars.

If a brilliant star be observed when near the horizon, it will be seen to present the beautiful phenomenon of "colored scintillation." The colors thus exhibited exceed in purity even those seen in the solar spectrum or in the rainbow. By comparison with them the light which flashes from the ruby, the emerald, the sapphire, or the topaz, appears dull and almost earthy. There are four or five stars which present this phenomenon with charming distinctness. The brilliant Vega, in the constellation Lyra, which rarely sets in our latitude, is one of these. At midnight in Winter, and earlier with the approach of Spring, this splendid blue-steel star may be seen as it skirts the southern horizon, scintillating with red, blue and emerald light. Arcturus twinkles yet more brilliantly down toward the northeast in our Spring evenings. Capella is another noble scintillator, seen low down toward the moon during the Summer nights. But these, though they are the most brilliant northern stars, yet shine with a splendor far inferior to that of Sirius, the famous dog-star. No one can mistake this noble orb as it rises above the southern horizon in our Winter months. The vivid colors exhibited by Sirius as it scintillates have afforded a favorite image to the poets. Homer compares the celestial light which gleamed from the shield and helmet of Diomed to the rays of "Sirius, the star of Autumn," which "shines with a peculiar brilliancy when laved by ocean's waves," and, to pass at once from the father of poetry to our greatest modern poet, we find in Tennyson's "Princess" the same language, where he says of Arac and his brothers,

"As the fiery Sirius alters hue,
And bickers into red and emerald, shone
Their morions, washed with morning, as they came."

It is difficult to persuade oneself that these ever-changing tints do not really belong to the stars. But there is now no doubt that they are caused by our own atmosphere. Unequally warm, unequally dense, and unequally moist in its various strata, the air transmits irregularly those colored rays which together produce the light of a star. Now one color prevails over the rest, and now another, so that the star appears to change color. But it is only low down toward the horizon that these changes take place to their full extent. In the tropics, where the air is more uniform in texture, so to speak, the stars do not scintillate unless they are quite close to the horizon, "a circumstance," says Humboldt, "which gives a peculiarly calm and serene character to the celestial depths in those countries."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

☞ A conductor on a road running from Hartford, agreed in the kindness of his heart to pass a poor penniless fellow on his train. An officer of the road sitting in the same car with the man observed that the conductor took no fare of him, and called him to account for it. "Why do you pass that man?" said Mr. Treasurer. "Oh, he's a conductor on the —— railroad." "He a conductor! why what makes him dress so shabbily?" "Oh, he's trying to live on his salary!" was the quick reply. Mr. Treasurer saw the point and dropped the subject.

☞ An Irish glazier was putting in a pane of glass, when a groom standing by began joking him, telling him to put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor by, "Arrah now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in yer head widout any putty."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull. About 8000 bbls sold at $8,75@9 for superfine; $9,50@10,50 for extra; $10,50@12 for low grade and fancy northwest extra family; $10,50@12,50 for Penna extra family; $11@13 for Ohio extra family, and $13@15,50 for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—Small sales at $8,50@9,75.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce. 20,000 bus of fair to prime Penna and Southern red sold at $2,82@3; 1000 bus of choice amber at $3,05; 9000 bus of white at $2,15@3,25, and 2000 bus of No. 3 spring at $2,50@2,58 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye—1200 bus of prime Penna sold in lots at $2,16@2,20. Corn—35,000 bus of Western mixed sold at $1,20@1,22; 25,000 bus of prime yellow at $1,22@1,23, and 6000 bus of white at $1,16@1,17 ₩ bus. Oats—18,000 bus of Western sold at 85@87c; 15,000 bus of Penna sold at 90@93c, and 20,000 bus of Southern at 92@95c ₩ bus, the latter rate for choice light.

PROVISIONS—There has been a fair business doing. Sales of Mess Pork at $29@30, and prime at $26@27. City packed Mess Beef is selling at $27@27,50. Beef Hams sell at $38@40 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of 800 tcs plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 20@22c; Sides at 17@18½c; and Shoulders at 14½@16c ₩ lb. Green Meats—Sales of 700 tcs pickled Hams at 19@19½c; and 160,000 lbs of salt Shoulders sold at 12½@12½c ₩ lb. Lard—Sales of 160 bbls and tcs at 19@20c ₩ lb, and kegs, in small lots, at 20½@21c ₩ lb. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 26@35c, and roll at 30@45c ₩ lb, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 15½@16c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 22@25c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The demand is limited. About 1000 bales of middlings sold at 32½@33c for Uplands, and 33@34½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—50 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron sold at $38@60 ₩ ton.

FRUIT—Dried Apples; sales at 6@6½c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches; sales of quarters at 7½@9c, and 15,000 lbs of halves at 11@12c ₩ lb. Pared Peaches range at from 10@22c ₩ lb. Green Apples sell at from $4@8 ₩ bbl.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head. The prices realized from 10½@11 cts ₩ lb. 300 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 6½@8 cts ₩ lb. 2800 Hogs sold at from $13,50 to 15,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

TAKE THE TRAIN AWAY.

Go, cut it off, my daughters dear,
  Though graceful it may be,
And swiftly bring the scissors here
  That I the deed may see:
Elise and James may fume and fret,
  Then let them fume, I pray—
Be deaf to all their mad regret,
  And take the train away.

I've had enough of *robes a queue*
  Dust-laden in the street,
Of trailing gauzes pink and blue,
  Entangled round my feet:
I've trodden on so many gowns
  And caused so much dismay,
So many pettish shrugs and frowns—
  Do take the train away.

I'm weary of those endless skirts
  In every festive throng,
I hope they'll meet with their deserts—
  They've tyrannized too long!
I only wish to live at ease,
  I'm not averse to pay
For all the *chiffons* that you please—
  But take the train away!

I cannot keep my temper down
  Upon the crowded stair,
I think the follies of the town
  More odious than they were:
I stumble and apologize,
  I don't know what to say—
The gist of all the matter lies
  In—take your train away.

Let crinoline be all the rage
  And crowd our streets again,
Let fashions of a bygone age
  With paint and patches reign:
Let hoops, and ruffs, and high-heeled shoes
  Resume their pristine sway—
And be as fickle as you choose,
  Yet—take the train away.

There's plenty left to please the eye
  Or vex the mind of man,
The chignon sits enthroned on high
  And measures half a span:
We freely give you *all your head*,
  For who shall say you nay?
But still with vigor be it said,
  Take, take the train away.

WAR ANECDOTES.

We take the following from the Southern Home Journal:—

THOUGHT IT WAS A "TORTLE."—During the late war, coffee, sugar, and flour were things of the past in southern Texas. A soldier stayed all night at a house on the Nueces, and, finding a large hard biscuit in his haversack, he gave it to a little four-year old boy playing before the door. Half an hour afterwards he saw the boy with the biscuit on the ground and a coal of fire upon it.

"What are you doing that for, sonny?" he inquired.

"Trying to make the plaguy thing poke its head out."

THE NEW ISSUE.—Your readers, at least such of them as were in the confederacy in the spring of 1864, will remember that at that time there was a new issue of "promises to pay," the old being redeemed at a discount of one-third.

In the early part of June in that year, the first Maryland cavalry, C. S. A., left eastern Virginia, and marched for the Valley, on its way to join in the invasion of Maryland.

As there had been no rain for some time, the roads were in a very bad condition; and on the march the members of the regiment were nearly suffocated with dust.

On approaching Charlottesville they found, guarding the passage of the Rivanna river, a body of militia, who (it being Sunday) were attired in their best and presented a very neat appearance. This excited the derision of the boys, who were no exception to the general rule of soldiers in their contempt of militiamen, and occasioned one of them to cry out:

"Boys, look at the 'new issue!'"

This created great laughter, which was soon turned on its author by one of the "terrible melish" triumphantly exclaiming—

"That's so, mister; there's no discount on us!"

A MODEST REQUEST.—During the invasion of Pennsylvania by the army of General Lee, a portion of it camped one night on the farm of a strong Union man. The Rebs being hungry, had hunted up everything in the eating line that could be found; and more than one chicken, duck, and turkey, had found its way into some "Johnny's" camp-kettle. The farmer was a silent witness of the destruction of his poultry until a "Johnny" stepped up and addressed him.

Johnny.—"I say, mister—if I kill one of your hogs, mayn't your wife cook him for me?"

Citizen.—"No; my wife has already fainted from the heat of the fire while cooking for you soldiers."

Johnny.—"Well, I say, mister; when she comes too, may she cook him for me?"

NO PLACE FOR A PRIVATE.—At the battle of Mine Run there was a recruit in the —— Virginia regiment who had never been under fire before, and was not long under this time, for soon after the firing began he made for the rear. On rejoining his company a few days after, some of the men asked him to explain his singular conduct during the last fight. This is what he said:

"Colonel S—— said, 'Skirmishers by the right flank employ.' Captain M—— was standing behind a tree, saying, 'Forward, men, forward!' Sergeant B—— was laying behind a log, crying, 'Im dead! I'm dead! I'm dead!' I knew that was not so, for if he had been dead, he couldn't have hollered. I thought that was no place for a *private*, and I got out!"

BUTTERFLIES AND CATERPILLARS.—The following, which happened in the Federal army, is, I think, too good to be lost. I have it from a gentleman who served during the war as surgeon in that army:

In New Jersey, in the early part of the war, there was raised a regiment which the men joining understood was intended for the cavalry service; but which, when complete and fully organized, was placed in the infantry. The members never forgave the deception practiced upon them; and, whenever an unlucky cavalry man passed by, he was sure to be greeted with the cry of "Butterfly." One day, during a heavy march in which the members were very much fatigued, a cavalry man passed by the regiment in a gallop, and met with the usual reception—the men yelling at the top of their voices, "Butterfly! Butterfly!"

The cavalry man, who seemed to know the history of the regiment, very quietly turned in his saddle, and with infinite satisfaction, exclaimed: "How—are—*you*—Caterpillars?"

HURRY! HURRY!

JONES.—"Hullo, Smith! Haven't seen you for an age—how are ye?"

SMITH.—"Don't stop me, there's a good fellow—just bought a new bonnet as a present for my wife, and I must hurry home with it, or it might be out of fashion by the time I get there!"

Curious Customs.

A member of the far-famed Quahaug Club (the Historical and Piscatorial Society of Westchester County,) tells of a curious funeral custom in one of the Long Island agricultural districts—a district remarkable for its fertility in clams and blackfish. He says that a few years ago he went down on the island with a view of purchasing a farm which had been advertised for sale. He spent several days in the village; his inquiries as to the value of the farm were satisfactorily and assuringly answered, and he finally had the honor to "assist" at a funeral. He noticed in the funeral procession a heavy cart drawn by oxen, and that the cart was filled with guano. He was surprised to see the contents of the vehicle deliberately emptied into the grave before the earth was thrown in. Upon inquiry of the minister he ascertained that this custom was in accordance with an old tradition of the farmers on that part of Long Island, who believed that the soil was so poor and thin as to require a fertilizer to insure the resurrection of any thing buried in it *except clams!*

Our correspondent didn't buy that farm on Long Island, but eventually settled in one of the fever-and-ague districts of Westchester County, where they have a curious funeral observance of their own, and where most of the people die of fever and ague. At the funerals the mourners uniformly sprinkle quinine on the graves of the deceased to prevent their being prematurely shaken out!

Singular Custom.

The Abyssinian correspondent of the London Herald makes the following statement in confirmation of a singular custom described by Bruce, the traveller:

Three of the officers of the Fourth Regiment saw, the other day, at Fokada, an operation which was described by Bruce, but which has been denied by all subsequent travellers, and by the Abyssinians themselves. This was the operation of cutting a steak from the body of a living ox. They came upon the natives just as they were in the act of performing it. The unfortunate bullock was thrown down, and its four legs were tied together. The operator then cut an incision in the skin near the spine, just behind the hip-joint. He blew into this to separate the skin from the flesh, and then cut two other incisions at right angles to the first, and then lifted a flap of skin four or five inches square. From this he cut out a lump of flesh, cutting with the knife under the skin, so that the amount of flesh taken out was larger than the portion uncovered. The operator then filled up the hole with cow-dung, replaced the flap of skin, plastered it up with mud, untied the feet of the poor animal, who had kept up a low moaning while the operation was going on, gave it a kick to make it get up, and the whole thing was over. I should mention that the operator cut two or three gashes in the neighborhood of the wound, apparently as a sign that the animal had been operated upon in that part. The officer observed that several of the other cattle of the same herd were marked in a precisely similar manner. They returned in half an hour, and found the animal walking about and feeding quietly. I have not mentioned that it bled very little at the time the operation was being performed. It is certainly very singular that after so many years Bruce's story, which has always been considered as a traveller's tale, should have been confirmed. All travellers have denied it. Mr. Speedy, who was a year among them, tells us that he never saw or heard of its being done, and that the Abyssinians, of whom he had inquired respecting the truth of Bruce's statement, had always most indignantly denied it, and, indeed, had asserted that it would be entirely contrary to their religion, for that they strictly keep the Mosaic law, to eat no meat unless the throat of the animal had been cut and the blood allowed to escape. Anatomists have denied the possibility of an animal, when such an operation had been performed, being able to walk afterward. Here, however, was the indisputable fact. The operation was performed, and the ox did walk afterward.

Do Not Swallow Grape Seeds.

Grape seeds, cherry stones and the like are insoluble in any and all of the juices used in the process of digestion; they must therefore pass from the body in the same state in which they are swallowed. In their passage along the alimentary canal they cannot but induce more or less irritation, and if the digestive organs are at all weak they must of necessity cause great disturbance; being hard, almost like stones, they scrape along over the delicate mucus membrane which lines the stomach and bowels, and frequently lodge in the coils of the intestines, or become imbedded in the delicate lining and cause ulceration and tumefactions of the bowels, which may result in death. A friend just tells of a young man who having eaten a quantity of grapes, became ill, suffered intensely, was unable to get relief from any source, and finally died. An examination disclosed a large quantity of cherry stones imbedded in the bowels, together with about half a pint of grape seeds, which had completed the work of death.—*Mrs. Dr. Miller.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Agricultural Items.

—In a recent law suit in Herkimer county, N. Y., on a charge of watering milk, the verdict rendered by the jury virtually established the principle that the lactometer, when the tests are properly made with the milk, is sufficient evidence to convict. The result of a similar suit about a year ago in the same county, it will be remembered, was directly the opposite of this.

—In a recent discussion before the Bedford, N. H., Farmer's Club, the question of applying manures to sod ground was discussed, and at the close of the discussion twenty to one voted that manure should be applied to the sod after it had been turned over, and as near the surface as it is possible to cover it, not over three inches deep.

—The Prairie Farmer gives the particulars of the sale of 36 Short-Horn cattle, by Mr. Speers, of Tallula, Ill., amounting to over $16,000. One cow, "Blanche," and calf, for $1,000; "Belanchini 4th," (cow) $1,060; "Victoria 5th," yearling heifer, $635; bull, Gen. Grant, $720; another bull, $300, and others for less.

—The veterinary editor of Wilkes's Spirit of the Times recommends the following for scratches in a horse: Take sulphate of zinc, one drachm; glycerine, two ounces; apply every morning.

—A correspondent of Wilkes's Spirit urges that early breeding has produced the deterioration in horses rather than in-and-in breeding. He advises never to breed a mare to a stallion under six, and never before the mare is five.

—KITCHEN ODORS.—Meat which has been slightly tainted may be restored to perfect sweetness, and the odor arising from it while boiling entirely prevented by throwing into the pot a few pieces of charcoal contained in a small bag. The odor of vegetables slightly affected may be prevented in the same way. Red pepper, and even black pepper, produces a similar but less perfect result.

—SMALL FRUITS.—One of our correspondents writes us that his first trial in the fruit line, to relieve him from the expense of bread and meat, was growing strawberries. He says he commenced with twenty square feet, and increased in two years to nearly one-eighth of an acre, set six kinds mixed together, and that the patch of ground furnished all the berries the family and children could use, besides realizing from sales a surplus of over seventy dollars a year. Another of his reliances was the sour cherry, and he practices heading his trees in each year, taking out small crossing limbs, and obtaining fruit in great abundance, and he says of larger and superior quality to that of his neighbors who practice the let-alone method.

How to Raise Peas.

A statement of the experience of Mr. William Eaton, of Auburn, in raising peas last year, may be of benefit to farmers, market gardeners, and others, who ought by this time to be thinking about getting up an early crop of this favorite "garden sass." Last year, Mr. Eaton planted a piece of ground 55 by 33 feet in dimensions, in peas, and raised therefrom twenty-four bushels, which he sold for forty-eight dollars, the land thus producing at the rate of more than a thousand dollars an acre. The way he managed it was this: he ploughed thoroughly first, then harrowed the ground, furrowed it out one way, and then he took his hoe, trenched out every row of peas and filled the trenches half full of compost manure. He then planted four varieties of peas—June, Marrowfat, Dwarf, and Black-eyed marrowfat—four inches deep; after they had sprung up he dusted the ground with four bushels of strong ashes. Mr. Eaton also planted a like patch of ground with Champion peas, but the vines grew so wondrously and so rank, that he did not get half a crop of peas. He recommends the Black-eyed marrowfat pea to gardeners: they have large pods, the peas are large, and the vines large bearers.—*Worcester Evening Gazette.*

Rust on Wheat.

Milton Reynolds, of Westville, Indiana, asks what causes rust on wheat? We answer that the general cause is a want of mineral, and an undue proportion of vegetable matter in the soil. A wet season favors its development, for the reason that it promotes the rapid absorption of vegetable mold into the straw, giving it a rank growth. We always find wheat more liable to rust on new land, or on land highly manured with barnyard or stable manure, which fact is explained by the statement made above. There is very little vegetable matter required for the production of wheat; on the contrary it is mainly composed of minerals, silica being the leading element. A soil, therefore, abounding in silica is best adapted (all things being equal) to wheat. Having stated the cause of rust, the remedy will suggest itself to any one. This is found in lime, wood ashes, &c., and proper attention to drainage. A wet, cold, sour land will not produce wheat until it has been warmed and dried by drainage, and had its acidity corrected by lime or some other friendly alkali. —*North Western Farmer.*

Time to Cut Timber.

A correspondent of the Southern Cultivator in communicating the following experiments, remarks that the best time to cut timber is when in full leaf—July and August—and that the knowledge would have been worth thousands of dollars to him, had he possessed it years ago:

Lot No. 1, was cut in July, 1860—house logs to put up cabins; red oak. They were put up, but not covered; been exposed the whole time; still sound.

No 2, was square timber for gin house, of red oak, post oak and over cup, was gotten out in December, 1860; piled and covered with plank till 1863; exposed since that time; sound on the outside about two inches; perfectly rotten in the heart; red oak the worst rotted.

No. 3, was of same kind of timber, subject to more exposure; gotten out in June, 1861; much sounder than No. 2; green timber sawed in July, 1861; subject to same exposure as No. 2; still quite sound.

My conclusion from this, is, cut your timber when in full leaf—July and August best. All timber cut after the fall of the leaf will heart-rot.

RECEIPTS.

PICKLED EGGS.—At the season of the year when the stock of eggs is plentiful, cause some four or six dozen to be boiled in a capacious saucepan until they become quite hard. Then, after removing the shells, lay them carefully in large-mouthed jars, and pour over them scalding vinegar, well seasoned with whole pepper, allspice, a few races of ginger, and a few cloves of garlic. When cold they are bunged down close, and in a month are fit for use. Where eggs are plentiful, the above pickle is by no means expensive, and as an acetic accompaniment to cold meat, it cannot be outrivalled.

THE RIDDLER.

Riddle.

My 1st is in right, but not in wrong,
My 2nd is in hymn, but not in song;
My 3rd is in sheep, but not in goat,
My 4th is in ship, but not in boat;
My 5th is in work, but not in play,
My 6th is in grave, but not in gay;
My 7th is in steel, but not in ore,
My 8th is in peace but not in war;
My 9th is in friend, but not in foe,
My 10th is in fast, but not in slow.

My whole is now in your possession. Use it well. FRANCIS M. PRIEST.
Bryan, Ohio.

Mathematical Problem.

Two circles touch each other externally. Required—The locus of the centres of all the circles that can be drawn touching both the given circles.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When is a bat without its nap? Ans.—When it is a wide-awake.

☞ Why should you never write secrets with a quill pen? Ans.—Because it may split.

☞ When does a schoolboy show a taste for poetry? Ans.—When he does the rule of three in verse.

☞ When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? Ans.—When it runs down.

☞ When does a man's hat become compassionate? Ans.—When it has *felt* for him.

☞ If you don't guess this, why are you like an industrious cobbler? Ans.—Because you will stick at the last.

Answer to Last.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Origen, a learned Christian writer, commonly called one of the Fathers. ENIGMA—California. RIDDLE—Campbell. RIDDLE—New York.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Feb. 20th—4 and 5 yards. W. H. Morrow, R. Barto, and J. N. Soders; 12 and 15 feet,—J. S. Phebus, and S. B. Griffith.

Answer to Melville's PROBLEM of same date—$26.1535. Melville, and J. N. Soders.

Answer to W. T. Stonebraker's PROBLEM of same date—120 gallons. W. T. Stonebraker, J. N. Soders, R. Barto, and Melville.

Answer to Melville's PROBLEM of March 7th—(27835437865)2 and (19162705353)2 or, 774811573300838143225OO greater, and 3672-092764458048546OO less. Melville, J. N. Soders; 13456-9 and 28302259. Reuben Barto.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—2 and 5 yards. W. H. Morrow, R. Barto, J. N. Soders, J. S. Phebus, and P. Gallup.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of March 14—20 and 15. W. H. Morrow, S. B. Griffith, P. Gallup, and S. S. Knox.

Answer to A. G. Cook's PROBLEM of same dade—$33.86+ what A pays per acre; 177.2 number of acres A gets; 122.8 number of acres B gets. W. T. Stonebreaker, and S. S. Knox.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of March 21st—17.03 chains, very nearly. E. P. Norton.

Answer to J. C. Phillips's PROBLEM of March 28th—655360 acres. J. C. Phillips, and J. S. Phebus.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of same date—12.2162 miles per hour. A. Martin, and J. E. Mathewson.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of April 4th—1, 2, 8, and 32 acres respectively. A. Martin.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—40 or 60 dollars. W. H. Morrow; 40 or 60 dollars, S. S. Knox.

SPINACH TO BOIL.—Spinach requires a great deal of water to free it from the grit in which it is covered from its low growth. The stalks should be broken off, and the spinach washed well with the hand. Put it into a saucepan with a little salt. A very large quantity of uncooked spinach is needed to make a dish, as it wastes considerably in cooking. Boil it for about twelve minutes, pressing it down when quite tender. Drain it thoroughly and squeeze out the water. Chop it quite small. Put it into a fresh saucepan with some butter, and stir till it is hot. Spinach is frequently dished round minced meats; it is also sometimes served with poached eggs upon it.

PEAS AU SUCRE.—Boil the peas and throw into cold water, then put them in a pan with a little butter, a tablespoonful and a half of sugar, a tablespoonful of broth, one yolk of egg; stir fast and they are done.

RHUBARB WINE.—*English Recipes.*—To every 5 lb. of rhubarb stalk, when sliced and bruised, put one gallon of cold spring water; let it stand three days, stirred two or three times every day; then press and strain it through a sieve, and to every gallon of liquor put 3¼ lbs. of loaf sugar; stir it well, and when melted barrel it. When it has done working bung it up close, first suspending a muslin bag with isinglass from the bung into the barrel (say 2 oz. for 15 gallons.) In six months bottle it and wire them; let the bottles stand up for the first month, then lay four or five down lengthways for a week, and if none burst, all may be laid down. Should a large quantity be made it must remain longer in cask. I have just bottled a quarter cask of rhubarb wine made by the above recipe, which is pronounced much better than half the champagne one gets.

To make "British champagne," take 18 lbs. of rhubarb, cut it into small pieces, put them with 20 gallons of soft water in a copper, and boil them till soft; then strain them through a sieve, then add to it five or six handfuls of balm from the garden, or dried. To every gallon of liquor put three pounds of lump sugar and half a pound of Malaga raisins chopped; and when lukewarm put it into the barrel, and in three weeks stop it down. In six months bottle it. It will be fit to use in three months, or it will keep twenty years. You may make it pink color by adding a pint of damson juice.